THE FREEMAN

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A BOOM FOR MCCABE.

The Afro-Americans of Kansas banquet the prospective governor of Oklahoma—Notes.

Topeka Kans. Special.

Viewed from either a political or social standpoint, the reception and banquet tendered Ex-Auditor E. P. McCabe, Oklahoma's prospective Governor, by the Dispatch Club at their rooms on Wednesday evening March 12., was one of the grandest events in the history of the Afro-Americans of Shawnee county Kansas. From a political standpoint, it marks the closing of an epoch of strife, disiunion and failure, and the opening of a season of union, cordial fellowship and possible success. To one who is fully acquainted with the past, its fractional fight accompanied by all its attendant deceit, treachery and hard feeling, the sight of the men clasping hands in a common cause, who were yesterday waiting with drawn weapons to cut the throat of the other, rouses feelings of high hopes for future success. With the eloquence of J. M. Brown, the political skill and sagacity of E. P. McCabe, ably seconded by the logic and learning of Watkins, DeRandamie and Johnson, and the fertile and irrestable genius of W. L. Eagleson the future political outlook for the Afro-American in Kansas is brighter.

Promptly at 9 P. M. Mrs. Geo. Cunningham at the piano, brought the house to order by the enchanting strains of "The German Triumphant March." S. G. Watkins, the popular president of the Dispatch Club, in well chosen words welcomed the guests to the hospitality of our parlors. He spoke in glowing terms of E. P. McCabe, of the service rendered to the State, of the high honor he reflected upon the race. He alluded to the past political differences, and their present happy termination.

Col. J. M. Brown, in response to "Our Guest," spoke of the valuable service rendered the race by the manly and straight forward conduct of Hon. E. P. McCabe. He dwelt with deep feeling upon the past year of disorganized and misdirected action. He called attention to the present united appeal of the Negroes not only in Kansas but throughout this broad land for the service of the favorite son of Kansas. He spoke of the necessity of feeling that we are Negroes and cannot remove ourselves from them. Wherever we go, our actions reflect for good or bad upon our race. He wished every success to Mr. McCabe.

Rev. B. F. Foster responding to Oklahoma said: In name of the Negro settlers of Oklahoma he welcomed Hon. E. P. McCabe as their future Governor. As a citizen of Oklahoma he welcomed him again. He spoke in glowing terms of the mild and salutious climate of the territory, of its wonderful fertility. He praised the genius and energy of the present Negro settlers, and extended a cordial invitation to Negro Mechanics, laborers, and capitalists, and to Negroes with brains and energy to come and settle in the promise land.

Responses were also made by James H. Guy, C. L. DeRandamie, Prof. W. J. Johnson, C. S. C. C. James of Lawrence and Geo. W. Smith.

In responding Hon. E. P. McCabe said:

FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am touched by this mark of your confidence and esteem deeper than I am capable of expressing in words, coming from you who are familiar with all my faults here at my home where I have lived for a long time strike me with double force. No higher compliment could possibly be paid an individual than that coming from those who have watched his course for many years.

To you I owe all that I am. You it was who brought me from my obscure home in the exteme western section of the State, and in the face of laughs, jeers and prejndices, by your united effort, nominated and elected me to the highest office ever given into the keeping of our race in a northern or western State, and with what results the people to-day are familiar.

Again you place me under renewed obligations by this call to serve you, not you alone, but the entire race all over this broad land. I am through you called to a new and untried field of labor.

We are soon to enter upon a struggle, so peculiar, and yet, to even the cautal observer, so far, honoroble and deserving, as to call forth from many quarters favorable sanction from the better thinking element of the more favored citizens of this country.

You well know that we as a race are hopelessly in the minority in this country save and except in one or two southern states, in and about whose atmosphere and soil premate and cluster the lingering damnable influences of the "lost cause," and with such conditions confronting us, without experience, without the potent influence of money, aye, without friends, save those remotely located, we, as a race have wrenched from this "arrogant and rapacious race." over $100,000,000 of taxable property, added to this we have exhibited considerable characteristics of civilized men and women.

But we must go on; the task now before us is to show that we are capable of self-government. To this we turn, not with fear but with hope beaming in every feature, at last we have aroused the race from its lethergy from Maine to California, and all eyes are turned in the direction of the new land of Oklahoma, and when we have won this righteous fight for a foothold upon the government's common heritage, as win we shall, then will we unfurl our banner to the breeze, inscribed thereon "Omnia Veritas."

In the face of the past we have no reason to hesitate, for a glance down our list of public men reassures us, and we go forth "to do, and if need be to die for the eternal right." With such examples of our own before us as Elliott, brilliant and able either as lawyer or statesman, Bruce, efficient, careful and honorable as senator, register and recorder; Langston, readys and philosophical; Lynch, solid, honest and capable, and Pinchback, Townsend, Derrick, Purvis, Fortune, Astwood, Smyth, Price, Mathews and others of national reputation ably seconded by our own Colonel Brown, Stuart, Winn, Watkins, Townsend, Foster, Walter, Thomas, and last but not least, the patient, self-sacrificing, race-loving Eagleson. With such before us as examples how could we fail? All these men in their different spheres and walks of life have made and are making to history, which will be written by some of our youths yet within the walls of some institution of learning. Hence we go forth with strong hearts and willing hands, and clustering about us the brightest minds among us, can we not demonstrate beyond question, fitness, capacity, citizenship. For myself I wish to exclaim in the language of the gifted senior senator from Kansas, let us have "justice" and then should we fail none are responsible save ourselves.

Elegant refreshments were served by the ladies of the club. The music furnished by Mrs. Geo. Cunningham was excellent. Mrs. Cunningham is ranked among the best performers in the west.

In looking over the field of opposition to Hon. E. P. McCabe. We are gratified to notice the almost unanimous support of the race. In looking over the columns of the Weekly Capital of Guthrie, we noticed an extensive and rather exhausting interview of a man styled, the Hon. Paul Jones. Now we have never seen this man Jones, (whose name by the way is very uncommon) but we have heard tell of him. He was a staunch republican until he failed to receive the nomination for City Attorney of Kansas City Mo. Great men are best known at home, here is what the American Citizen of Kansas City, says: "Lawyer Jno. Paul Jones, formerly of Kansas City Mo., and now of Kingfisher, is out in an interview in which he is reported as being decidedly opposed to the candidacy of McCabe for Governor of Oklahoma. Mr. Jones makes haste to inform the public that he is not looking for office. To the people who are acquainted with Mr. Jones' career in this part of the country this utterance will certainly be a stunner. When Mr. Jones lived across the Kaw he was reputed to be the most hungry, voracious and chronic of all the veteran pap seekers. The Colony which the loquacous Paul took into the nation consisted of himself alone and a grip."

It don't seem that Paul is quite as truthful as another Paul we know about.

Letters of regret to the McCabe banquet were received from Hon. J. L. Waller and Hon W. T. McGuinn.

The Dispatch Band Fair on the 18th and 19th inst.

C. C. James and wife, of Lawrence attended the banquet.

Sam Jones left for Oklahoma last Saturday night with a car load of cattle. Mr. Jones is in the wood and real estate business at Kingfisher Ind. Ter.

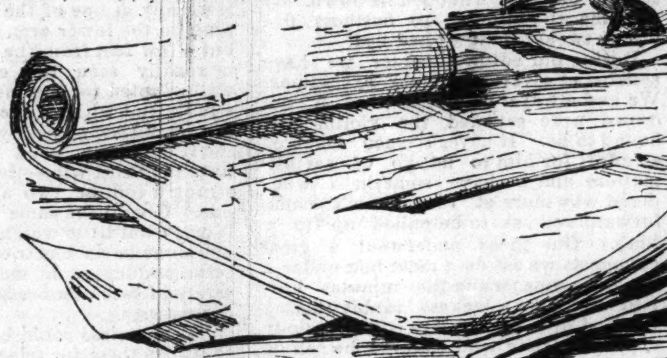
"FEARLESS."

A CARD.

Colored clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, without charge and desiring to engage in parochial work, can hear of vacant parish, by addressing

WM. H. MERRIMAN,
New Haven, Conn.

J. H. WALKER, Esq., Terre Haute, Indiana.



THE MIXED SCHOOL QUESTION.

Representative John P. Green and Dr. Pendleton ventilate the question.

Columbus Ohio Special.

So smoothly and satisfactory generally speaking, has the mixed school system gone along in our grand old state that to return to the old regime was as far from the minds of our people as the occident is from the orient, consequently the introduction, in the lower branch of the Ohio House, of a bill looking to the abrogation or partial suspension of the present system under certain conditions, was a signal for our patriotic citizens to rise en-masse and enter vigorous protest against such class legislation. The sentiment in opposition to the iniquitous measure was so unaminous, that the largest and most harmonious mass meeting ever held in our city was the result. The session was held in the Second Baptist Church, Monday morning with James Hall as temporary chairman and Charles E. Ransom, secretary.

Immediately after a permanent organization with the Rev. James Pondexter, Pres., Chas. E. Ransom, Secy.; Ralph Tyler, Asst. Secy.; James Hall, Thos. G. Spencer, Willis Mitchell, J. D. Ross, Capt. Edward Brown, William Roney, Charles Cottrill and Henry Lane as Vice-Presidents were chosen, as Vice-President Rev. James Pondexter then briefly stated the object of the meeting and said that separate schools were a badge of inferiority and usually were advocated by a few selfish persons who had no love for the race and characterized all such as the vilest of traitors. Representative John P. Green, of Cuyohoga, our only representative in the present assembly, was present and spoke earnestly and eloquently in behalf of the rights of the Afro-American.

Mr. Green is a pleasing speaker and held the close attention of his audience. He argued that we might just as well provide separate schools for the Methodist and other sects, or for the brunette as compared with her blonde sister. This narrow-minded policy was only advocated by ignorant colored persons and way-back white people. Traverse any of the European continents, visit any isle of the sea and the Negro was placed on an equality and was not made to feel less than a man till he had reached the home of the brave and the land of the free, whose flag he had fought to save.

All he asked was a fair and equal chance for the Afro-American and the inherent energy and intelligence would achieve the rest.

Other well known citizens present made short speeches which were well received.

The committee on resolutions consisting of Messrs. W. H. Roney, C. A. Cottrill, H. A. Clark, C. B. Young, J. H. Bowles, C. C. Waring and H. C. Randolph, then reported an admirable memorial to the legislature which dedounced all special class legislation:

Your committee on resolutions beg leave to submit the following:

WHEREAS, Certain proposed legislation is pending before the Sixty-ninth General Assembly of Ohio, as set forth in H. B. No. 485, introduced by Mr. McDermott, representative from Muskingum county, proposes to provide separate schools for colored children, and

WHEREAS, Said bill seeks to deprive the colored youth of our state of the equal school privileges guaranteed them by the laws thereof; and

WHEREAS, Said legislation would be in direct conflict with the generous spirit and intent of our public institutions; therefore be it

Resolved. That we, the colored citizens of Franklin county, in mass meeting assembled, view with alarm this proposed legislation, which proposes to rob us of one of the grandest rights accorded every citizen of our commonwealth, that of a full enjoyment of the privileges of one magnificient system of public schools; and be it further

Resolved, That we denounce in unmeasured terms all special class legisla tion, no matter by whom introduced, or by whom inspired, feeling assured that none but the blackest of hearts and the most ulterior motives could prompt such an unmanly unchristian, unprogressive and unrighteous a measure, and be it further

Resolved, That any and all who by word or act lend, aid or give encouragement to such legislation as is proposed by said H. B. 458, or seek to deny any of the fellow-citizens of so valued a right as free access to our public schools, because of race, either from personal motives or otherwise; shall be deemed traitors to our race and unworthy themselves of the enjoyment of the rights of citizenship.

A resolution by Mr. Herbert Clark arranges for systematic opposition to H. B. 456 throughout the state.

NOTES ON THE MEETING.

The kids were recognized in a liberal manner.

Capt. Ed. Brown felt a little of the spirit of the spirit of the '70's in line.

It is said that Waring and Pondexter shook hands across the bloody chasm. Next.

"And there arose a king who knew not Joseph" (Massie).

Charley Cottrell was the most bashful of all the Vice-Presidents.

Will Roney looked wise and sawed wood.

The Pythian Club had a good representation on the floor.

Capitol Lodge, No. 18003 G. U. O. F., have decided to build a fine public amusement hall and lodge room on their fine lot corner Garfield and Iona, the estimated cost of which will be $12,000 or $14,000. It is expected to lay the corner stone by July 1st.

The Masons have recently fitted up elegant quarters preparatory to the annual conclave which will be held in our city the coming summer. Their rooms are said to be among the finest in the country.

"QUITS."

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

Literary Societies in Baltimore—An Economic Association formed—Its magnificident plans—Colored appointments.

Baltimore Md. Special.

It is indeed an encouraging sign that there exists in this city among the colored people such a universal attraction for literary societies. There are at least twenty or thirty organizations which directly or indirectly have for their object the development of the literary tastes of their members and patrons and these organizations which meet once a week, some on Sabbath afternoon are crowded and overflowing, many who before their existence, had not the slightest inclination towards mental development have become enthused and inspired by what they see and feel during these literary exercises. Many a young man has overcome his timidity has thought upon and intelligently discussed public questions in these organizations, much to his credit, and many young ladies have had the current of their thoughts turned into a beneficial channel.

These organizations are still increasing in popularity and they are the means of bringing the people in close contact with representative young men, a number of whom the city has recently developed.

As moulders of good and wholesome thoughts among the colored people informers upon live and spirited questions, and as a means of firing the ambition of the young of our race, these institutions have done and are destined to still do much good.

Probably the best organization of this kind is the "Monumental Literary and Scientific Association" which numbers among its members some of the most intellectual colored men of the city. There are others however worthy of much credit namely, the "Touissant L'Overture," "Metropolitan Literary Circle," "Sharpt street Grace Presbyterian" and many others.

If there has been one thing above another which has impared the progress of the colored people of this and other cities, it is and has been their lack of money. Their employment has been of such a character as to prevent their accumulation of money. They have for the most part and are still in many instances been compelled to expend the entire sum of their earnings for their family expenses.

In vain have they looked for a remedy to this state of affairs.

But now the people of Baltimore will rejoice in the organization of the "Economic Association" of Baltimore.

This organization was formed on Monday afternoon at the office of Lawyer Henry Cummings. The plan of its operation is as follows: The organization has made arrangements with reputable dealers in different lines, groceries, provisions, furniture, shoes, hats, etc., to allow the people who connect themselves with the organization to have from ten to twenty per cent discount on all purchases. This will enable colored families to reduce their weekly expenses, in necessary purchases and be thus placed in a position to save money and accumulate property. It is to be hoped that every colored family in Baltimore will see that it is for their interest to join this organization. The entrance fee is twenty-five cents which entitles each membes to an association card, upon the presentation of which to the stores the discount will be allowed. It will be seen that by a single payment of twenty-five cents per month, families can save from $5 to $10 per month on necessary purchases.

The incorporators of this organization are intelligent and brainy young men and the permanent success of the organization is assured.

The incorporators are: Harry G. Cummings, Rev. W. H. Weaver D. D., Dr. Wm. T. Carr Jr., Charles W. Jackson, Joseph J. Davis, Joseph A. Galamison, Rev. W. A. Crecitt, Charles Vodery, W. Ashbie Hawkins, Leo P. T. Jones and Robt. A. Blay.

The organization has filed their certificate of incorporation and have begun operations.

Much interest is manifested in political circles as to the share of appointments which will be given to the colored voters. Much disappointment was expressed when it was known that no colored man was given a presidential office.

Much dependence is being put in the liberality of Collector Marine, and he is expected to do much for his colored friends.

The Phonectic Quartette, J. James Dangee director, rendered some excellent music at the Monumental Literary on Tuesday evening.

There will be given a series of entertainments by the Touissant L'Overture Literary during Easter week.

Miss Gertie Crocker, who was for some time the guest of Miss Janie Adams of this city, is permanently residing in Washington.

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Public Meeting in the Interest of Education—Emigration to Africa—The Colored Democratic Leader Arrested—Mr. Mudd, of Md., has been Seated—One Negro in Luck.

Washington Special to THE FREEMAN:

A Veteran Association has been organized among the members of the white order of Odd Fellows. It would do no harm if our colored members would do likewise.

Dr. Tansil is a lucky man. He purchased a dollar ticket in the L. L. Co. and drew $500. Give the Negro a chance and he will get there.

The Ladies Temperance Union, composed of prominent colored ladies, will organize a reading room for young men at No. 1611 11th street, N. W. Further particulars will be given next week.

Mr. S. E. Mudd, of Md., has received his seat at last, so let us hear from Langston's case. As it would be well to seat one or two colored gentlemen who have strong claims on the Republican party.

Mr. Horace P. Groff, of Pittsburg, Pa., has been on a visit to his parents in Patto Co., Md. On his return west he stopped over in this city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. C. Whitting. He left on Sunday for home.

Rev. Geo. Brown, of St. Louis, Mo., who is trying to organize a colony to emigrate to Africa, is here on a visit. In response to an inquiry he stated that he was having splendid success in his scheme. Although he is not making any noise about it he stated that he has as many as 500 already to go.

Mr. and Mrs Samuel Cole, of No. 1014 7th St. S. E., have only been married a few years but have experienced a succession of troubles. Two or three years ago they were living in the southeastern section of the city when their house caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished, two of their children were burned to death. They then moved to their present residence, though adverse fate continued to follow them. Fire visited them and caused the death of another one of their children. Last week the mother gave birth to another child and yesterday it died without having received medical attendance.

Thos. A. J. Clemmons, of Alexandria, Va., who came here from the south about four years ago, and was appointed, by Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, to a position in the Interior Dep't, was arrested at the warf Sunday evening as he was about to take the boat for home. He has been representing himself to be a Prof. and has been collecting money for the benefit of "Leland Stanford Colored Orphan Asylum of Spartenburg, S. C." It is charged that there is no such institution in existence. On Saturday he collected $100 from Senator Stanford, for which a warrent was sworn out for his arrest on a charge of false pretense. On Tuesday the case was sent to the grand jury. Bonds, $300.

A public meeting was held at 19th street Baptist Church Monday evening, in the interest of the Colored Industrial School of Glouchester Co., Va. A large audience filled the church. President Rankin, of Howard University, presided, and delivered an address. Addresses were also delivered by Prof. W. R. Weaver, principal of the school; Hon. Jno. Langston, Rev. Grimke, Trustee of Public Schools. The meeting was for the purpose of collecting money for the benefit of the school.

Written expressly for THE FREEMAN.

In the quiet village of S—Staten Island, in the year 186– there lived a respectable colored family which consisted of Mrs. Drobson, a widow, Mrs. Searles, a married daughter and Charley Searles, a mischievous lad of ten years of age. Mrs. Drobson, whose husband had been dead some 10 or 12 years, lived in a neat two-story frame cottage, a monument of her husband's thriftiness, and while not bountifully supplied with this world's goods, managed to live in comparatively moderate circumstances and the only anxiety which "mother Drobson" (as Mrs. Drobson was familiarly called by

GOING TO THE WELL.

the neighbors and the country people) was the constant apprehension that "dat ar' boy" Charley would eventually come home with his neck broken. Now Charley was a very precocious boy and there was not a day passed on which he did not come home with a bloody nose or a slightly discolored eye, the result of his mischieviousness; and when Charley's mother sought to inculcate in him the principles of obedience, his grand-mother would interpose and say; "Thar Jane, we were chil'ren once," which would have the effect of lessening the locomotive of the ever-present slipper.

In close proximity to Mrs. Drobson's cottage, there was situated one of those cool, sparkling and delicious spring wells one so frequently meets with in a stroll through the rural districts, and it was to this well that the neigh-

seen standing idly around discussing every subject one could possibly think of and yet of no great interest to anybody in particular.

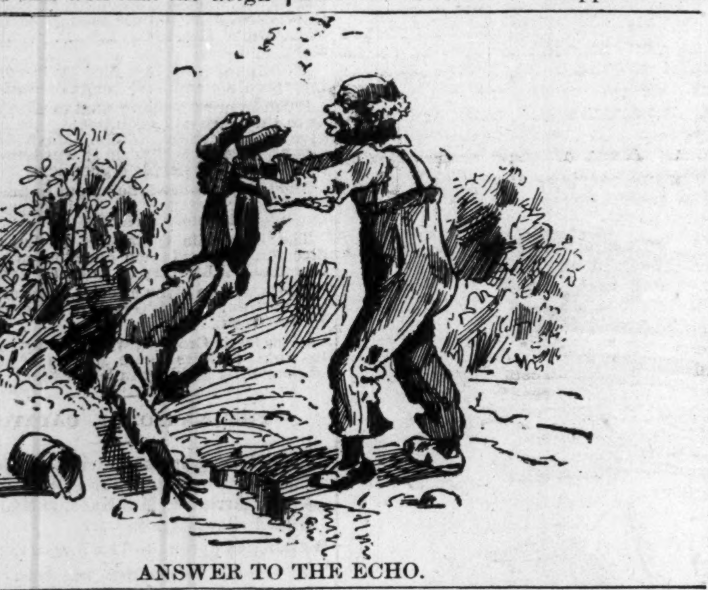
The day had been an extremely warm one, and the last rays of old Sol were slowly fading behind the distant western hills, and a cool, light breeze made the leaves of the trees quiver in answer to nature's breath, and from the talltowers of the factories the smoke had ceased to roll. Half an hour after the setting of the sun, Mrs. Drobson called Charlie, who was playing out in the road before the house, and said:

"Boy, you'll have to fetch grand-ma some water;" holding out a tin pale before him.

"But ma," aswered Charlie, rolling his eyes in the direction of the spectre spring near the "Retreat," "but ma its so dark?"

"Well go to Cheap John's," replied Mrs. Drobson as she returned to the house. Now to be told to go to Cheap John's was a source of infinite joy to Charlie who had all day been quietly running his youthful brain for some pretext to go to this well, as one of his chums had told him there was giong to be "chucks" of fun when night come, so when his grandmother told him to go to this well, he eagerly siezed the pail and departed whistling "Yankee Dudle," unconscious that within half an hour he was to furnish the night's amusement for the grocery store loungers.

As Charlie sauntered along down the road, he was met by a smull urchin and a playmate of his who told Charlie they cold have some fun with "Acker" Jackson. George Jackson was an old eccentric colored character of the village, who was known all over town by the nickname of "Acker" Jackson, and who occasionally condesended to do odd jobs. The old man was a source of great pleasure to the small urchins, who never lost an opportunity to plague him in some way or other. If they met him on any country road they would cry; "Hello Acker," etc., at these times Jackson would stop and frown, as the fleetness of the youngsters feet made it impossible for him to catch any of them. So having reached the well Charlie sits his pail down beside the spring, and while his chum lays "bones" he gets down on his knees and puts his head into the well and vociferated, "Do you kno' Acker, Acker, Acker Jackson?" and silently he listens to the echo. It happened that



ANSWER TO THE ECHO.

bors, living in its immediate vicinity, used to go or send their children for their supply of water.

In the east of this spring there was situated a wide expanse of green-turb, enclosed by tall pine-board fences, universally known as "The Seamen's Retreat," while on the north and running horizontally, stood the old colored Methodist church where divine worshipers on Sundays used to assemble from miles around, and listen, with half-open eyes, to the sacred exhortions. Back of the church stood the patriarchal burying grounds with its sombre marble slabs standing out so prominent on moon-light nights. To this Charlie was frequently sent at night when the water in the house had given out, but as he had no affiinity, the spectreness of the scene which his youthful mind kept constantly conjur-

"Acker" Jackson was standing in frontof Cheap John's listening to the general talk, and as Charley's sonorous voice reached the loungers ears, one of them, Sam Bradley, turned to Jackson and said:

"Acker."

"Wa-al."

"Thars thet ar' Drobson boy a-callin' yer?"

"Whar?"

"Over thar' be the well," and Bradley pointed to the form of a boy that was clearly outlined in the twilight. The old man, when he discerned the urchin, closed one eye systematically, and putting a finger to his lips a sign of silence, said; "Keep quiet boys, thars goin' to be som fun," and he made a circuitous route to the spring in order that Charley's chum should not apprise Charlie of his approach, while the idle loun-

'TIS EVER THUS CHILDHOOD.

ing up in connection with this particular well, it invariably turned out that he scrupulously avoided going near this well at night if it was dark. There was another most fascinating spring well that was known by the sobriquet of "Cheap John's Well," situated opposite a grocery by that name, and from whence the spring derived its name, and as there was always some juvenile frolick going on in its neighborhood, Charlie's greatest joy consisted to this well. Cheap John's store was a combination of odds and ends that go to make up the heterogeneous oddity of a county grocery, and wherein the long summer evenings a moby crowd of loungers could always be

gers watched the old man with suppressed merriment pictured on their countenances. As Charlie was about to exclaim; "Do you kno' Acker Jackson" for the fifth or sixth time, Jackson came up softly behind him and catching the boy's two legs, immersed him beneath the water up to his waist and when he drew Charlie out said:

"I'se here honey, wotcher want?"

But Charlie was too frightened to make any reply, so hastily dipping his pail into the spring, he departed for home, while the crowd which had witnessed the proceedings, stood chuckling with delight over the curious sight of the lad's wet clothes and frightened appearance as he scampered off.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE PATH OF WILD WESTERN JOURNALISM.

The Editor Is Held Personally Responsible for a Few Utterances of His Newspaper.

We extract the follow from the last issue of the Arizona *Kicker*, which was only a half sheet, and which seemed to have been printed on a cheese-press:

EXPLANATORY.—We owe our readers an apology for the shape and appearance of the *Kicker* this week, and shall proceed to give it. Last Sunday we went over to Silver Bend to see the boys and rake in a few subscriptions. Our office was left in charge of a chap just from the East, who claimed to be George Alfred Townsend. As we had never met George we did not feel like calling the stranger a liar.

WE STARTED A SPEECH.

We intended to return Tuesday morning, but in this country man proposes and mules and other things buck against him. The infernal, lop-eared, stiff-legged, pig-headed, limb-spavined beast which we rode—a fit counterpart of our contemporary down the street—threw us nine times in going thirteen miles, and we arrived at the Bend badly used up. We hadn't yet raked in a dollar when Lew Smith, a plug-ugly whom we assisted to run out of our town four weeks ago, sounded his war-cry and began to encourage the Benders to hang us. Most of 'em were on a drunk that day, and the proposition at once found favor.

Under the pretense that we, as editor, publisher, proprietor and city editor of the greatest weekly in the West and which runs as an annex, but under the same roof, a grocery, bucket shop, feed store, shoe store, hardware and cutlery, had been seeking to break down the social barriers of the mighty West, they hunted up a rope and selected a tree. We appealed, but it only added to their desire. We tried to argue, but they wouldn't have it. Our editorial person was laid hold of and hustled along to a rope dangling from a limb, and as we looked over the crowd and failed to catch a sympathetic eye, we felt that our time had come.

The boys were white about one thing. Drunk as they were, they had sense enough to realize that a great editor could not wind up his earthly affairs in a satisfactory manner under fifteen minutes, and on motion of a half-breed who once succeeded in borrowing half a dollar of us, the time was increased to twenty. We wanted to argue the case but it was o go. We started in on a speech, but they whooped us down. By the time we got down to business five of our twenty minutes had fled.

During our editorial career we have assisted at several amateur executions. We had always supposed that if the crowd were satisfied the victim was bound to be. It never seemed much of an effort for him to let go of earthly matters and we have sometimes wondered why more of them didn't come forward and ask to be pulled up to a limb. Our ideas underwent a great change as we sat on a meat-box under a dangling rope, while the minutes hurried away like a jackass rabbit taking the lead of a prairie fire on a windy day. Any man who believes he can do business under such circumstances is mistaken. He feels restless and unsettled, and his mind seems to be distributed over acres of space.

WE CAN JUST CRAWL ABOUT.

It was only after we had lost twelve minutes of our time fooling around that we started in on our last will and testament, and we hadn't written three lines of that before we suddenly recollected that we were without a blood relative on earth. As to leaving the *Kicker* and its annex to any galoot in town was not to be thought of, and we finally made out a bill of sale to that individual known as William of the Hill, who has several times appeared in our town and attempted to run the city government with a broncho and two revolvers.

When time was up the noose was placed over our head and tightened under our chin, and it admonished us to observe the apparent enjoyment of the crowd. They seemed to feel in as good spirits as an army horse turned out to buffalo grass, and their impatience to make a pendulum of our body was another queer feature of the convention. We had just been drawn off our feet, and our editorial ideas were becoming rather mixed, when a lot of passing cow-drivers happened along and broke up the candy pull on the ground that they were waiting to hang us the first time we came up there. We were saved to be hung at Phœnix—if we ever show up there.

We are just able to crawl around. We have chills, sore throat, pains in the back, headache and a general feeling that we don't care a copper which party elects the next President. We apologize for the appearance of things this week, and promise not to be lynched again if in our power to avoid it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AERIAL TRAVELING.

The Idea of a Texas Physician Which Threatens to Revolutionize Travel.

The accompanying illustration is from a suggestion by Dr. G. P. Hachenberg of Austin, Tex. The doctor describes his plan at some length in a communication. The idea is an original one, and, given a passenger who is not afflicted with dizziness, is not to be classed as impracticable. The details of construction are fairly well shown in our artist's sketch, made from a rough drawing sent in by the author, and a good idea is given of what might be expected should the scheme ever be put in use. The illustration differs slightly from the description in some minor details. The doctor writes:

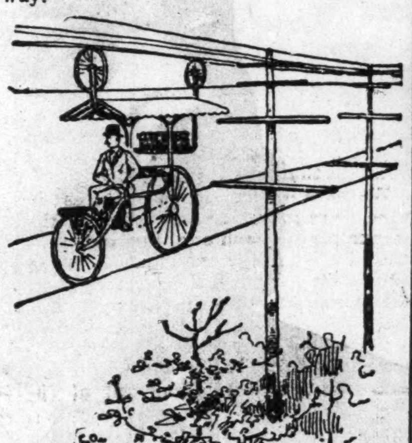
"When the bicycle was introduced much was gained in the way of rapid and speedy travel without the use of steam and the horse.

"The objection to the use of that vehicle is the skill and practice required to manage it, and it is only available on a comparatively level surface. To meet these objections, at the same time to increase speed in the use of the bicycle to an extraordinary degree, I would make the following suggestion:

"In the first place have constructed a line of two heavy wires, one above the other, about ten feet apart, as represented in the sketch. These wires are adjusted to poles and both are held in an exact high tension, ascertained by an accurate measured force. The bicycles are to run on these wires—are constructed with grooved wheels, the couplet of wheels for the upper wire being grooved the deeper to securely hold the vehicle in a direct line and to favor reversing it.

"For travel on wires two kinds of motors are used. The one the rider himself and the other electricity—the electric power taken from the upper wire. If deemed necessary, both vehicles carry electric lights.

"The construction of these bicycles varies from those used on the ground. On the wire the guiding rod is fixed and not used for guiding purposes, but simply for the rider to hold on to. In the cross piece receiving the piece supporting the drive-wheel is a joint to reverse the machine to run it the opposite way.



"The electro-bicycle has a peculiar construction of its own. The straddle seat is entirely omitted and in its place a single or narrow double seat placed in front of the drive-wheel. The seat is arranged to secure ease and security to the rider. The electric-motor is placed under the seat. The place to mount these bicycles or to reverse their action is usually at one of the poles, by stepping on the lower arm, which may be but a few feet from the ground. It may be readily seen the electro-bicycle is well adapted for the accommodation of a lady, and without the electric power can be pushed ahead by the rider.

"It may be a good arrangement to have the third wire—the electric wire—strung a foot or two above the upper one. Give it the same tension, but let it carry but little weight. It will then not alone be an electric wire but will serve besides as a means of positive safety in case of a break of either of the other two.

"These wires could be so adjusted as to utilize them for telegraphic and telephonic purposes, or the present overland telegraphic poles at many places could be used for air-traveling. Such an adjunct to railroads might serve advantageously in many ways.

"These air-line wires are strung close to the ground, except in crossings, etc., where the lower one may be at places twenty feet or more from the ground. The idea is not to maintain the uniform grade of a railroad, yet still as much as possible to bridge over small irregular depressions of the surface."—*Electrical Review.*

Where Cigars Are Carried.

I have a good deal of quiet fun to myself watching where people put their cigars. Of course your business-man has his cigar-case or he puts his cigars in his vest pocket. But there are some characters. Take the Irishman who is a laborer, for instance. He sticks his surplus cigar in his hat band. I have seen a policeman buy three or four cigars and put them on the inside of his hat. It isn't often that a Chinaman smokes a cigar. I believe it is a rule that no Chinaman shall smoke a cigar until after he has cut his queue. Before that he smokes the cigarette. I never knew where John kept his cigars or his cigarettes. You see him walking along the street and all at once he makes a motion, as if he were going to dive, and he comes up with his cigar or cigarette, as the case may be, and is smoking before you know it. It is still a question among the best smokers as to where is the best place to carry a cigar if you are not smoking it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Hand Expedition.

The Lewiston *Journal* says a Maine constable had a hard experience the other day. He went out after a gang of poachers, and was not only cordially received by them but was invited to accompany them on a hunting expedition. The reason for so much cordiality was not apparent until the officer found that his late companions had managed to leave him alone on an uninhabited island, where they kept him for two days and nights.

The Bible Says: "The Glory of a Woman Is Her Hair." Neither form, face, color or clothes, but her hair

AFTER USING. [TRAEE MARK.] BEFORE USING.

MY NUTRITIVE POMADE which I use independently, or in connection with my FRENCH SYSTEM OF HAIR IMPROVEMENT, I wish to recommend to the ladies throughout the country as an indispensible article for the toilet and general family use, a preparation for softening, rendering glossy and pliant, and thereby promoting a healthy growth of hair.

Parents will find it invaluable where they are troubled with tedious labor in combing their children's hair.

SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 72 CENTS.

I have been urgently importuned to give to the public a preparation that has been used for years by my household and immediate friends, who have been so well pleased with its virtue and curative properties for the scalp, that I now offer and recommend it to my numerous patrons as just what is needed as a perfect tonic for the general complaint of a dry scalp and stinted growth of hair.

Medicated Scalp Cleaner and Hair Grower.

Price by M ail, .10. Price by Mail, $1,10.

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ANTI-SEPTIC * TOILET * CREAM

Nothing but the most unbounded confidence in the merits of our preparation could induce us to launch on the market already overburdened a new preparation for the face. But knowing that we have found an honest preparation for beautifying the complexion, we do not hesitate to bring it to the notice of the public. We guarantee that if used according to directions it will prove the purest and most elegant preparation for chapped hands, face and lips. It removes sunburns, freckles, pimples, and heals effectually all irritations of the skin. Leaving the hands and complexion astonishingly smooth, proves a most wonderful lotion to ladies whose hands have become hard and swollen from work, by reducing the swelling and redness or harshness.

PRICE BY MAIL, 75 CENTS.

☞The three preparations sent by mail, for $2.00

One or all of the above preparations can be obtained on receipt of price, by addressing,

Rebecca E. Elliott,

163 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

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A. & P. CONDENSED MILK,

If You Want a Cup of Delicious Coffee.

The Great Atlantic Pacific Tea Company has been experimenting for years to procure a milk that would be Absolutely Pure, Perfectly Healthy and Economical, at the same time, when mixed with our particular blends of coffees, would produce a Perfect and Delicious Coffee. We feel the utmost confidence that we procured that result in the production of A & P Condensed Milk. It is economical, makes a cup of Rich, Delicious Coffee, Absolutely Pure, being made in Porcelain Pans—no copper pans.

Physicians and consumers please take notice that our A & P Condensed Milk is made in Porcelain Vacuum Pans. We are the only manufacturers in the world that use Porceloin Pans. All others use Copper Pans. It is unnecessary for us to make a comparison between Porcelain and Copper Pans. We leave that matter with the public:

This milk is manufactured with one Special Object in view, that is, when used with our special blends of coffees, it will make a Rich Delicious Coffee. It is a perfect luxury for the table. Great saving in sugar. No table complete without it.

We ask only a trial. Let it be judged by its merits, and we will be satisfied with the verdict. Use for tea as well as coffee. Keep in a cool place. If you want a Perfect Coffee or Tea, use A & P Condensed Milk.

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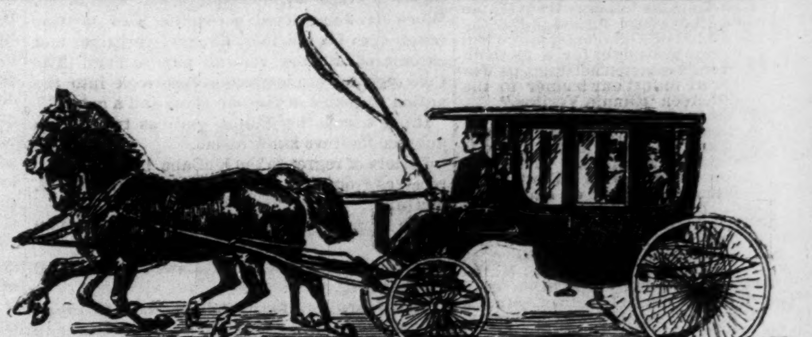

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The Old Kitchen Clock.

It used to tick away the years upon the parlor shelf,
When first we went a keepin' house—Belindy an' m'self—
An' thar fer more'n twenty year, it seemed to be content
To serve the hours in proper time, an' be an ornament.
An' you'd er thought 't was almost made to regerlate the sun
So stiddy, 'round an' 'round each day, the wheels an' p'inters run.

But when the girls growed up, ye see, they had some strange ideas,
They didn't consult us much, 'bout things, nor drop an "if you please,"
But went a hustlin' things around, an' changin' ev'ry room,
An' nothin' had the same old place, 'less 'twas the kitchen broom.
I didn't much mind the goin's on' but shan't forgit the shock
It gin me, when they ousted out that good old faithful clock.

An' then a little bronze concern was got to fill its place,
With dragons crawlin' up its sides, an' just above the face
A gal they call "Terpsichore" is settin' in a chair
An' playin' on a harp—although I never heard the air—
An' when it strikes the half hours out, you'd think a fairy sighed,
Or that a little mouse had gin a faint squeak 'fore he died.

Then it sort o' stirs my conscience, when the old clock strikes the time
With a kind o' ringing music, in its dear old honest chime;
For it seems to be a sayin' in a solemn sort o' way,
"It's jest the way of all the world; we flourish for a day!"
An' onct I went right out thar an' says I, "Old clock see here,
You're wuth a dozen fancy clocks with complicated gear!"

Though taken as an ornament (as things go nowadays),
Mebbe that tother one deserves a passin' word o' praise,
But when it gits a balky turn—determined not to go—
I think it's 'bout like folks I've seen—a sort o' holler show;
An' strikes me when a clock, or friend, is faithful out an' out,
'Taint best to change for suthin' that you don't know nothin' 'bout.

Good Housekeeping.

IN DEFENSE OF HONOR.

From the French of Eugene Marano: In 1814. At Mesnil-sous-Bois, in Champagne.

In the little living-room of the presbytery, where the closing day—a gloomy and cold one of April—gave only a doubtful light, Mdlle. Lys, the niece of the abbe, was arranging in the bottom of the armure a surplice and other clerical garments.

From the street there came up vague sounds of calling voices, and through the mist, like shifting fires passed the unsteady gleams of moving lanterns.

All at once, in front of the house, the pavement resounded to the tramp of many horses; the door-knocker, rudely sounded, made glasses shake, and the voice of Jean Bigorne, the sacristan, was heard by the young girl, mingled with the clinking of spurs and confusion of sabers dragging over the pavement of the corridor.

She raised herself, frightened, when the door was suddenly opened by the sacristan. Two men crowded past him, and he cried out, choking with anger:

"Ah, the beggars! the scoundrels!"

"Jean, what is it?" she asked.

"What is it? It is the Cossacks, medemoiselle!" and pushing forward he stooped, seized one of the heavy silver candlesticks from a table, and stood straight again.

"It is also true that they call me Jean Bigorne, ex-sergeant of the Twelfth Dragoons, wounded by a bayonet at Arcola, by a saber stroke at Lutzen, almost killed at Marengo, and nearly buried at Jena, and I do not advise you to advance, you others."

"Let them be, Jean, let them be," said Mdlle. Lys, very pale.

"Let them be? But, mademoiselle, the abbe would never forgive me. It is not alone that this is God's house—lot of brigands that you are—it is the church of M. Chanteloup, and because he is cure now it does not hinder that he was always my commander and got no hurt from you under the Emperor."

One of the men advanced to repulse Jean.

"A thousand thunders!" roared the sacristan; "if you touch me—"

One hand was raised to strike when the grave voice of Abbe Chanteloup asked:

"Well, what are you doing, sergeant?"

"Monsieur Abbe—my commander—"

"I have cautioned you not to swear such oaths. It is the habit of the regiment which you must lose in the service of God. What do these men want?" asked the abbe.

"The officer has a billet of lodgment here for the night. A lodging—misery!"

"It is well; give him a chamber."

"And which one, then?"

"Mine," said the abbe.

Jean bowed his head and growled something between his teeth. The officer started to follow him to a room, when a gesture of the abbe detained him.

"Do you understand French? Yes? Then a word, I pray. The man who receives you has been a soldier, as you are. He was five years a commander in the guard, and would be still if a ball had not shattered two fingers at Wagram."

And the abbe showed his right hand, which had lost its middle fingers.

"Not being able longer to aid the country with my sword, I have thought I might still aid it with the cross. I was educated in profound Christian sentiments, and have become a priest. And my ministry commands me to be to-day, between you and the country to which you come an enemy, and intermediary of peace and conciliation. Enter, Monsieur. You are in a home of a man without defense. My poor Jean is an old man, and my niece—come forward, Lys—is only a child. Before God, who pardons and punishes, I put my honor under the protection of your honor as a soldier. Welcome, Monsieur!"

In the evening, near 10 o'clock, Mdlle. Lys retired to her chamber. The Cossack officer had not yet returned to the house from the village through which his men were billeted, although the most of them looked in at the tavern, when Bigorne came to tell the abbe that a man, dripping with rain and covered with mud, had just arrived from two leagues away through the woods to ask that the abbe should go to his house, where his mother lay at the point of death and needed the last consolation of the church.

"I will go," said the abbe.

Jean Bigorne looked at him.

"But, monsieur abbe," said he, "you can not think of going at such an hour. The roads are bad, it rains like a benediction and is so black there that the devil goes with his tail down, my commander."

"Give me my hat," replied the abbe.

"But it is not God's will! You will meet those brigands at all corners of the woods, not counting that evil officer that you leave here. Surely it is not prudent, Monsieur Abbe, it is not prudent."

"Are you not here?" replied the abbe. "And he has not returned this evening, and may be on duty all night. For the rest, I will be back in two hours. Prepare the holy oil, and tell Janmot at the tavern to saddle a horse for me. It is the good God who calls me to that friend who is going to Him. Go."

"It is enough, my commander," said Jean resignedly.

* * * * * * *

It was on the stroke of midnight when the abbe Chanteloup returned his horse to the tavern and regained, across the sleeping village, the lane that led up to his house. As he walked along by the wall of the church he heard a call:

"Here, this way, Monsieur Abbe!"

"You, Jean! how are you there?" asked he, astonished.

"It is the officer, my commander. He returned and pushed me out when I went to fasten the door. He is intoxicated, the scoundrel!"

At that moment a window of the presbytery was opened, and Mdlle Lys, all in her night garments disordered, with shoulders bare, leaned out; but a hand pressed upon her mouth pushed her back before she could utter a cry, and the smothered sound of a struggle could be heard in the street.

The abbe threw himself like a madman upon the door, that Jean shook also with a terrible push; the fastenings gave way and struck noiselessly against the wall; and the two men flew up the stairs, near which Mdlle. Lys had fallen senseless.

"Jean," said the abbe promptly, "carry her to her chamber and restore her to sense! You enter there, Monsieur!" and he pushed toward another room, the door of which was wide open, the officer whom the scene had sobered.

Then, facing the culprit, and looking him straight in the eyes, the Abbe Chanteloup said:

"Listen to me! At Bergame, during the campaign in Italy, I was made lieutenant. The place was surrendered and one of my men, who had bravely done his duty in that campaign, that evening stole a watch. I had the robber shot. In Egypt my orderly, a dragoon who had helped save my life at the pyramids, struck a dervish who was coming out of a mosque. I had that man dismissed from the army. At Wagram, finally, I surprised the oldest officer of my squadron, of which I had been commander for five years, trying to ruin a woman. I myself killed the villain.

The Cossack bowed, but said nothing. The abbe continued:

"You are to your soldiers the example of discipline and honor. You have stained it, Monsieur. If I had not arrived in time you would have committed here in my home an infamy—sullied a home which I left under the safeguard of your loyalty. It is necessary that you shall account to me; and if you refuse I shall compel you. Forget then, that I am a priest, and remember only that I was a soldier."

The Abbe Chanteloup approached the wall and took down from its place under a cross the cavalry saber which had served him through the great wars.

"Come, Monsieur!" said he then. "Jean, bring a lantern and follow us."

As they passed by the chamber where Mdlle. Lys sat alone, sobbing, with her face between her hands, the abbe entered.

"I have defended you from tears, my child," he said. "Your father died fighting this shameless enemy—you ought then to be strong." And then with the utmost tenderness: "Embrace me, my little one!"

The girl threw her arms around the abbe's neck, who pressed her to his heart and then disengaging himself, said:

"Remain upon your knees, my child, and pray for him that is to die!"

The three men descended, traversed the vestry and the wings of the church, drowned in the shadow, where the lantern of the sacristan scintillated like a little golden star.

The abbe passed behind the great altar, made a sign before the cross, and pushed the creaking bolts of a low door, which opening permitted him to pass out into the wet and cold night air. The stranger in passing the threshold struck his foot upon a stone, which made him slip.

"Be careful, Monsieur," said the abbe. "We are in the field of rest and that stone is a grave."

They passed on under the great yew trees and the willows, where the grass reached almost to the knees, and halted behind a wing of the church. Looking around the abbe said:

"We shall be very well here. Jean, hang the lantern on the branch of that cross."

The sacristan obeyed. The lantern swung by the wind, cast a shifting glimmer, which revealed the gloomy silhouette of the priest and the pale face of the officer against the great shadows dancing on the wall of the apse. The abbe made with his maimed right hand the sign of the cross and grasped in his left hand the hilt of his heavy sword.

"Come on, Monsieur," he said calmly.

The officer wiped his forehead, drenched with sweat, and slowly drew his sword. The two great blades touched and then, amid the surrounding silence, their flashes met in ringing blows.

Meanwhile Jean Bigorne, on his knees in the grass, and with his hands clasped, fervently repeated the prayers for the dying:

"Suscipe, Domine, servum Tumm—"

"I am hit," said the abbe, parrying a blow.

The sacristan sprang to his side. The blade of the Cossack officer in passing over the abbe's wrist-guard had traversed his arm and made a wound.

"You can not continue, my commander." said Jean.

Then the officer stepped forward and said: "I can not fight with a defenseless man, Monsieur. You can not hold your sword with that hand and the other is maimed."

"To your place!" said the Abbe Chanteloup, seizing his sword with his multilated right hand. "The crime you have committed ought to be obliterated and I will kill the memory of it with you. Jean, take your handkerchief and tie this hand firmly to this hilt. The sword will never fall but with the arm. Now we will proceed, Monsieur."

And then the fight recommenced, and with it the voice of Jean Bigorne, intoning the funeral verse:

"Libera, domine, animam servi tui."

Closer, without breathing time, hand to hand the furious fight went on, and the assaults of the officer, more agile, upon the abbe. Slowly the old soldier parried that blade, which fell like a club. But he parried it, and at last he passed under the stranger's arm, raised for a terrible blow, and thrust his own blade into his throat.

"He has it, my commander!"

And Jean Bigorne seized the lantern, dripping tearfully with rain, and held it near the face of the man stretched upon the ground. A red froth bordered the lips between the clenched teeth.

"May God give you mercy as I pardon you," said the Abbe Chanteloup, "nor leave you to suffer in soul or body!"

And absolved, the Cossack expired.

Not Disposed to Invest in Silverware.

"We meet some queer people among the many who are constantly flitting into and out of this store;" said a salesman to a writer in the *Jeweler's Weekly*, "but an old man and his wife, upon whom I waited a few days ago, took the cake for pure unadulterated simplicity. The couple were evidently on their first visit from the country. When I approached them the old lady, who was undoubtedly master of ceremonies, stated that they wanted to purchase a soup tureen.

"'Do you want plated ware or silver?' I asked.

"'Solid silver, ter be sure,' the woman responded, with a glance that, had I been anybody else than a salesman, would have frozen me.

"After seeing a number of designs the old lady decided upon one and inquired the price.

"'One hundred and twenty dollars,' I answered, as I called to a boy to take the article to the shipping-room.

"'What!' she almost screamed. 'One hundred and twenty dollars fer that? Wall, I swan.' For a few moments they gazed at me as if I had expressed an intention of robbing them, after which they conferred together. Presently the old gentleman turned around, and in a quivering voice said he guessed they'd better buy a plated tureen, as that was just as good.

"We have several dozen designs in plated ware in stock, and after critically examining each one the old lady plucked up courage enough to ask the price of one that had only recently been produced and was selling for $18. When I mentioned the price she looked blankly at her husband and said she guessed we didn't have anything to suit them. As they were going out of the store I overheard the remark 'What mighty dear store these in New York are, ter be sure. I wouldn't pay mor'n $3 fer a soup tureen—no, not if it was the only one in the country.'"

Where Beauties Are Bred.

The great beauties who take the social prizes in marriage are almost all bred in the lesser towns, where a less conventional society gives women a snatch at freedom in girlhood. You don't find them growing up with calisthenics, health lifts, and a massage-use to do their exercise for them.

You all remember the painful story of a girl in a city home, surrounded by every care, who was strangled in the cords of her "health pull" one evening little more than a year since. Scarcely more pitiful is her fate than that of girls brought up to depend on such substitutes for work and exercise if they live. A sick, anæmic woman, unused, unable to care for herself and all others, is the most pitiable, repugnant object on earth. You seldom find a lasting beauty which has not had a semi-Greek education of outdoor life and exercise behind it.

Take the beautiful Gunnings, who ran wild in their Irish country home, till their calculating mamma had raked and scraped enough to take them to Dublin and thence to London. The Gunnings were unlicensed hoydens, but their races over the hills gave them matchless complexions. Later still Mrs. Langtry took her beauty course, roving the Jersey lanes with her brothers in sea air, living on peaches and coarse bread, with as little lessons as sufficed to fit her for London drawing rooms.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Varying Value in Silver.

Silver, in its relative value to gold, has varied greatly at different times. In the days of the patriarch Abraham it was 8 to 1; B. C. 1,000 it was 12 to 1 B. C. 500 it was 13 to 1; and at the commencement of the Christian era it was 9 to 1. In the year 500 A. D. it was 18 to 1; in 1100 it was 8 to 1; and in 1400 it was 11 to 1.

In 1454 gold was only six times more valuable than the precious white metal, silver, and within the next hundred years two pounds of silver could be exchanged evenly for one of gold. In 1600 gold was again worth ten times as much as its paler brother. In 1725 gold was thirteen times more valuable than silver, just as it was 500 years B. C. At the beginning of the present century it had risen in value to a higher point than at any time since 500 A. D., being fifteen times more valuable than silver. In 1876 the ratio of silver to gold was twenty to one, and in 1886 it was at the highest point ever known, since which time it has gradually declined to twenty to one.

Sauerkraut and Champagne.

Mme. Janauschek, who is fond of German cookery, has invented a new and remarkable dish. It has been the habit with lovers of sauerkraut to pour a bottle of Rhine wine over the pickled cabbage. Janauschek, with the inspiration of genius, has substituted champagne for the Rhine wine with great success.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A man with a diamond shirt stud laughs at pneumonia.—*Lawrence American.*

Drink, and the world drinks with you; swear off, and you swear alone.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

If the world is a stage we suppose it is the sea that takes the heavy roles.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Harry—"Are you singing in the choir now?" Howard—"No, I have joined the church."—*Kearney Enterprise.*

The man who picks up a wire on the street is quite likely to get hold of something that will cure him of the grip.—*Scranton Truth.*

It is the small things that annoy one. A famine of cents is felt more than a scarcity of ten thousand dollar bills.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

It is a sad reflection on human nature that almost any crooked transaction can be squared by a good round sum.—*Baltimore American.*

An actress who was desirous of producing a new play called it "Fine Cut" because she wanted some one to back her.—*Washington Star.*

"It must have been dreadfully hard to wear those old coats of armor." "Yes; they have the appearance of hardware."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A man is very like a buckwheht cake in this weather. He is disinclined to rise, and when he does is sour and heavy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other, that they haven't any business.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"You are the twentieth in the class, Hans. That means you are at the very foot!" "Well, papa, how can I help it if there are no more boys in the class?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Silberstein (to dock laborer, who has rescued him)—"Vy you not know petter as to pull me out of de water py der heels undt make me lose a kvarter out of my pocket."—*Time.*

First Renter—"I understand big flats don't pay in New York City?" Second Renter (confidently)—"You're off there, my boy. It's the biggest flats that do pay."—*Washington Star.*

Kluks—"I consider Jinkles one of the greatest statesmen in the country." Gluks—"Great Scott! man, what are you thinking of? He isn't worth a dollar."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"Three kinds of juries figure prominently in trials now," remarked McCorkle. "What are they?" asked McCrackle. "Grand jury, petit jury, and per-jury."—*Harper's Bazar.*

He—"I am thinking of embracing a literary life." She—"I do not doubt that the life will be a very happy one if you—if you should treat it the way you spoke of."—*Terre Haute Express.*

When you meet a man and ask him how he feels, if he doesn't stop to think he always says "First rate." If he stops to think a minute he will always begin to unfold some tale of woe.—*Somerville Journal.*

Lassie—"Ye dinna tell me, mem, that's the first psalm David ever wrote?" Farmer's Wife—"The vairy first, Eelin." Lassie—"Deed, mem, it's nae a bad ane for a first shot."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Fair Young Creature (after some recitations)—"Do you think I would do for a Juliet?" Manager (anxious not to hurt feelings)—"Um—er—well, you'd look very pretty in the tomb."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"I don't think it's exactly right for Patti to come here every year and advertise it as her farewell tour." "Not fair? Why, it's extremely honest, I should say. Doesn't she fare well?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

Scribbler—"The man who calls a ballet dancer's costume a dress has the imagination of a poet.' Bibbler—"Why so?" Scribbler—"He gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Young Medical Student (to his sweetheart)—"Do you know, Julia, that the human heart is equal to the lifting of 120 pounds every twenty-four hours?" Julia (demurely)—"Well, that's just my weight."—*Grand Rapids News.*

Jaggs—"Well, I see you've broken your resolution in the good, old-fashioned way." Baggs—"Yep, but it wasn't altogether my fault. The weather has been so warm, you know, that it wouldn't keep."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Miss McFlimsey (who wants to get a pair of gloves for a male friend)—"Have you any gentlemen's gloves?" New Clerk (glancing at her hand)—"No, miss; but I think I can find a ladies' size that will fit you."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Antiquarian Bore—"Now, do you think Cleopatra really killed herself with an asp?" Business Man (rudely) "N-o, of course not. Most likely, while in search of youth and beauty, she tried somebody's 'Elixir of Life.'"—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Landlady—Mercy! Something dreadful's going to happen. For thirteen to dine at a table is a bad sign, you know. Fogg (reassuringly)—"Ordinarily, yes; but then, you know, in our house one can hardly call it dining."—*Boston Transcript.*

Johnny Binks—"Pa, is ivory very expensive?" Binks—"Very." "The pure, white kind costs more than other kinds, doesn't it?" "No, my son; the white is a dollar, the red two dollars, and the blue five dol—O. yes, I guess it does!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Willie is an observant youth. He seemed to prefer smaller boys for companions, and when asked why replied: "Well, I notice the bigger boys play with me, but I don't play with them. I want somebody I can play with." There is certainly a very fine distinction here.—*Harper's Young People.*

Yabsley—"Wickwire, we have just been discussing the question whether married women really do go through their husband's pockets. Does yours?" Wickwire—"Of course I can only give you my own experience, and that is she don't. When she gets to the bottom of them she stops."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Railroad Human Nature.

Now and then one finds a person who understands railroad human nature, as exhibited by the gatemen in the depots. There orders are to pass no one in without a ticket, and it is the easiest thing in the world for them to wave back old age, youth, beauty, and anybody else who wants to pass in to meet a friend expected on that train. One of the surliest officials I every saw has a gate in the L. & N. depot in Cincinnati, and I have seen him turn stiffly away from desperate men, weeping women, and howling children. To every protestation he had but one answer:

"Can't pass 'thout a ticket."

The other day while I was watching him a little blue-eyed woman came gliding into the throng waiting at the gates. Of the two tenders she selected this one to operate on, although anyone could have seen that the other had the biggest heart. After several people had been turned away she slid forward in a graceful way and inquired:

"Beg pardon, sir, but am I speaking to the President of the road."

"N—o, ma'am!" he stammered, thrown on his beam ends by the query.

"Ah! you look so much like him. Are you the superintendent?"

"No, ma'am—not exactly."

"Then you must be the manager?"

"Hardly, ma'am."

"Dear me! but how could the people be so mistaken?" she went on. "Half a dozen of them said you were one of the high officials, and I am so disappointed to find you are not. Perhaps, though, you have the general manager's powers when he is not here."

"What is it, ma'am?"

"My sister will be in on the 6:30, and I so want to go inside the gates and help her with the children. As you must have the authority of the manager in his absence, I make bold to—"

"Certainly, ma'am; walk right in," he interrupted.

"You are so kind."

"Don't mention it."

"But all leading railroad men are ever courteous," she said as a parting bit of taffy, and then she made a beeline down the depot.

"We turned to look at the gateman, and the change was surprising. He had braced up until his height was increased by four inches, his chest was thrown out, and he was standing as stiff as a crowbar while a man pounded him on the back and offered to lick the stuffing out of him if he would come off the perch. The little woman of all had found his weak spot.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Aristocratic Carriage.

Women who wish to preserve the slimness and contour of their figure must begin by learning to stand well, says *Dress*. That is explained to mean the throwing forward and upward of the chest, flattening of the back, with the shoulder-blades held in their proper places, and the definite curving in the small of the back, thus throwing the whole weight of the body upon the hips. No other women hold themselves so well as the aristocratic Englishwomen. Much of their beauty lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures, and the fine poise of their heads.

The same aristocratic carriage is within reach of any American girl who takes the pains to have it; it is only the question of a few years of external vigilance, never relaxing her watchfulness over herself; and, sitting, or standing, always preserving her erectness and pose, the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her, and she never loses it. This in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles firm and well strung, and prevents the sinking down of the flesh around the waist and hips, so common in women over 30, and which is perfectly easy to escape. Another thing to avoid is a bad habit of going up-stairs, which most women do, bent forward with the chest contracted, which, as well as an idolent, slouchy manner of walking, is injurious to the heart and lungs.

Augusta's Beautiful Shoulders.

The Empress Augusta was famous in her younger days for her personal beauty and especially for her magnificent shoulders. In the later years of her life her beauty of feature had quite disappeared, but to the day of her death the wonderful shoulders remained the same. And court gossip tells the following story about it: The Empress has always been excessively proud of her beauty, and so, when the unkind years began to leave their trace upon her, she devised the most skillful aids from art. For her neck and shoulders—indeed, for the entire upper body—she had a waxen covering made which perfectly simulated nature in coloring, texture and outline. This armor once assumed, she was never known to remove it, and indeed for many years the fact of its being the product of art was a matter of suspicion rather than actual knowledge. Certainty came about in this way. One of the young women of the court of an experimental turn of mind slipped slyly up behind the august presence one day and gave just the tiniest touch of a needle on the smooth white shoulders. The Empress did not stir. She pushed a little harder, still the Empress did not wince, and court speculation was silenced forever.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The National Flower at Last.

The little 7-year-old daughter of a leading physician in a neighboring city heard the question as to what flower would make the best national emblem discussed at considerable length only the other day by a party of guests at her father's dinner table. Each guest had given an opinion and supported it with the customary argument, when suddenly the little girl woke up.

"Papa," she said, "I know what I think would be the best national emblem."

"Well, Josephine," said the father, "what is it?"

She answered with an air of relief, as if glad to have the question definitely settled:

"The chestnut!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Noah Armstrong, owner of the great race-horse Spokane, reports that his famous steed cleared last season about $28,000.

A Diabolical Time-Piece.

It is said that one can have too much of a good thing. Tom Edison is a good thing; ergo, one can have too much of Tom, or rather too much of the fruit by which we all know him. Mr. Edison has lately invented a clock. One of them, it is understood, is now on its way to St. Paul. The startling possibilities of the new time-piece are said to be diabolical. It is a talking instead of a striking clock. When it is 1, 2 or 3 o'clock, Edison's invention comes right out and tells you so to your face, and when it is high or low 12, the mechanical fiend jumps into you with an extemporaneous lecture on the waste of time, horrors of eternity, ethics of tempus fugit, a homily on the lark, and a roast of all-night eating-houses and export beer. Remember these are not set speeches. They can be varied each day according to the satirical fluency of your own wife. There is a measly phonographic attachment, with hew-gag exhaust and tom-tom escapement. Just here is where lurks the danger. While a man is down-town tossing the bears and hugging the typewriter, his wife at home can be winding the combination and putting up a job on him. What if the man does telephone that he can't come up to dinner? The patient clock runs right along, giving out monosyllables and civility to the rest of the family, with its big storage battery of caustic invective bottled expressly for his own private use—something like this:

"Ah, there, Flimflam, it is now 3 o'clock a. m. Nice time to crawl home to the house where your love lies dreaming the weary hours away! What's the matter with going to roost when white folks do? It's no use to put up the old club and lodge room chestnuts. Books out of balance is, also, a trifle stale. Where did you get that hat, and whose is it? Mother's coming to-morrow to stay three weeks. She wants to see for herself if things are as bad as has been represented. Yes, there's a land that is fairer than this, a land where they don't shovel snow, and you are en route for it on schedule time unless you slow up and drop off at the next station. Yes, myself, Tom, Lizzie, the baby are all down with the influenza, but I didn't know we had given you proxies to take whisky and quinine for the whole family. Now hang your boots over the gas jet and go to bed. If you wake me and the baby remember there's a second edition of this monologue in the original tongue, and you will get it."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

THREE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS.

Curious Calculations Concerning This Enormous Sum of Money.

F. H. Swords, a banker of London, sat in the Continental corridor recently reading a newspaper. Suddenly he pointed to a paragraph in the latter and said:

"Listen to this statement: 'The Vanderbilt estate is now calculated to be worth at least $300,000,000.'" Mr. Swords folded his paper, and, leaning back in the chair, continued: "Of course I do not know whether that statement is true; but I saw it published in the *Standard* several weeks ago.

"The sum seemed so enormous that I spent quite a while in calculating the physical proportions of that number of silver dollars. Here is a little slip in my wallet here that may give you some idea. If Adam, when he first looked around in the Garden of Eden, say 6,000 years ago, had been met by Satan and had been employed by him at a regular salary of $50,000 per annum and his board and clothes; and if Adam had carefully laid his silver dollars away in barrels each year, and had lived to the present time, he would now have $300,000,000. Again, if a man born in the Christian era, 1890 years ago, had lived and been steadily employed at a salary of $14,000 per month, $443 a day, and his living expenses besides, and had saved every dollar of it, he would not to-day have three hundred millions.

"If it were necessary to transport this number of silver dollars it would require 536 freight cars, each of a capacity of twenty tons. If these cars were put into one train it would be more than four miles long. If it were possible for 300,000,000 silver dollars to be laid on the ground in a straight line, with edges touching each other the whole distance, the line would reach farther than from London across the Atlantic Ocean and over the North American Continent to San Francisco. A sidewalk of three hundred million silver dollars could be laid six feet wide and more than fifteen miles long. If three hundred million dollars were laid one on top of the other they would make a column 475 miles high. If taken down and arranged in the form of a cube each side of the latter would be thirty-five feet long and wide, and it would weigh more than 10,000 tons. If such a weight were dropped from the roof of the new city hall the concussion would be great enough to destroy that part of the city."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Hair's Breadth.

"Two or three years ago," said a train dispatcher, "I was sitting at my instrument one morning shortly after midnight and beginning to drowse, when I heard one operator two or three stations away calling up another in another direction some stations away. I listened and received the information that a train of cars had broken loose at the top of a steep incline and was going down toward the operator to whom the message was being sent. I realized the situation immediately. I broke in on the operator and found out from the sender of the message when the cars had broken loose. I could calculate then just about where the cars were. I knew that the fast express was due at the foot of the incline in a few minutes, and I knew that the flying cars would reach there in a few minutes, too. I telegraphed to have the express flagged, and then sat down to wait news. Pretty soon I was called up in a jerky, nervous way by the operator at the foot of the incline: 'Runaway stopped,' he said, 'eighty yards from the station. Express is waiting.' When I went home that morning I felt pretty proud—for a train dispatcher."—*Boston Herald.*

Mrs. Lizzie Weaver of Bridgeton, N. J., has, after forty-seven years of labor, finished a crazy-quilt of 30,075 patches.

THE FREEMAN.

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COLORED NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
—AT—
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INDIANAPOLIS, - - INDIANA.

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INVARIABLY * IN * ADVANCE.

All communications, enclosing news matter for publication, must be sent with the name of the writer, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes, brief sketches: and in no case will we undertake to return Manuscripts unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article. We will not pay for matter unless it is ordered. All matter for publication must reach the office by Tuesday of each week, to insure insertion in the current issue.

AGENTS.

Agents are wanted in every town and city not now occupied, and liberal inducements will be given to the same. Send for our extraordinary inducements to agents.

Subscribers are requested to remit by Post Office, Money Order, Postal Note or Registered Letter.

Entered at the Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

All Matter Should be Addressed to
THE FREEMAN,
EDWARD E. COOPER, Publisher,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Do NOT put it off, but send in your subscription at once.

THE Blair Educational is dead and it was killed by its friends. (?) The passage of his bill would have done more to solve the so-called southern problem than any measure yet brought before congress.

THE FREEMAN is a good deal too large for the price we get for it, but it is much too small for the matter we want to put into it. We have a large amount of valuable matter waiting for room. Correspondents will please be as patient as possible with us, and our agents will also greatly assist by remiting promptly.

IT IS going the rounds of the press that a nephew of Senator Ingalls married a colored lady in Washington recently. Mr. Ingalls is a slick duck and would not object to another term in the U. S. Senate. And then, too, the g. o. p. must have thunder for '92.

THE omnisient editor of the New York Age should post up on wood engravings or "cuts," as he styles them, before he attempts criticism in this direction. The plates which drew forth his erudite comment were not "wood cuts" at all but "chalk plates" prepared in two hours by the best Afro-American artist in the country. The Age never sees anything to commend in the columns of THE FREEMAN, notwithstanding the fact that THE FREEMAN has produced engravings, cartoons and illustrations equal to any produced by the best illustrated white journals. Like a coward—Mr. Fortune, whose name has been garlanded with praises through these columns time and again —waits for a "bad job" and then pounces onto it. A craven, jealous spirit seems to possess the average Negro editor which neither education or experience seem able to eradicate. Fortune, who has been dubed the "prince of Afro-American quill drivers," should be above this kind of littleness. He is a fair essayist, a good writer, and an excellent journalist, but a very poor newspaper man. His eight or ten years of experience in America's metropolis ought to produce a much better paper than the snivelling Age—filled as it is from week to week with locals, personals and a great deal of dry rot called editorials. The Memphis Free Speech would also profit by a second reading of the above.

MANY of our race journals are doing the race very serious harm in giving publicity to alleged personal difficulties of certain individuals and advertising them as "wrongs" to be righted by the whole race. In nine cases in ten, they are wholly personal affairs and are brought about by their own indiscreet conduct, or constitute such an affair as should be treated with contempt.

The effect of such frequent publications is to give color to the oft repeated assertion, that there is an irreconcilable difference between the races and that it manifests itself wherever they come in contact with each other. White men try to smother, rather than make public, every castigation they receive from one of our race. Would it help them to advertise such things? Let us profit by their good example in this regard and cease to advertise individuals, at the expense of the whole race.—The New South.

The above certainly hits a class of brainless Negro editors, who not having sense enough to successfully conduct a newspaper, aim to thrive by traducing and vilifying bigger and better men. Indiana is cursed by the presence of one of this class.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information wanted of my parents, Charles and Elizabeth Hicks. During slavery they belonged to Cook Furchew of Alexandria county, Virginia. Address, HENRIETTA JENKINS, Pensacola, Fla.

Under this head from week to week, we shall publish such correspondence as does not come under the head of news, and which, though of a private nature, will no doubt, interest a large class. We are constantly in receipt of letters from friends which, while they are not sent for publication, will do much to enlighten many who want just this kind of information.

J. P. B. Wichita, Kansas:—THE FREEMAN is the only pictorial newspaper published. There has been several of the same kind attempted, but it is the only successful one.

J. H. A., Bryan, Texas:—Your letter containing 17 one year subscribers, with cash for the same has been received, and no doubt you have received a receipt for the same. We certainly appreciate what you have done, and will be glad to have you get up another club. Note. Mr. A. hasdone for THE FREEMAN what a great many of its friends might easily do, and at the same time, conribute greatly to the success of the paper. It is an easy matter for our friends in different parts of the country, to get up a club and remit in full for the same.

P. B. S. B., New Orleans, La.:—Your letter with a money order for $15.00 is to hand, and we credit you with two years' subscription. Thanks.

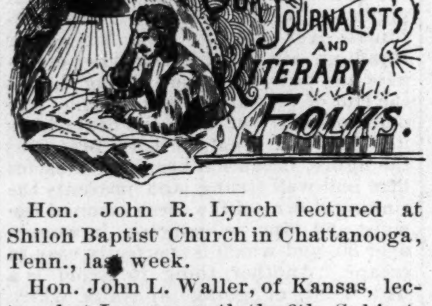
M. A. C., of Lexington, Ky., asks us to publish a communication, and send him 50 copies containing the same, promising to sell them and remit. This is an old trick, and it has been played on us so often that we have learned to mistrust almost every one; but if he wants it published he will kindly send the cash in advance, and we will give attention to the same.

Hustler, New Albany, Ind:—Your postal requesting us to send 50 copies of the next issue is to hand. We have one agent already in your city. Besides, if we had none, we could not send an order to an unknown person without the cash in advance.

G. O. R., Chicago, Ills.:—As far as we know, Peter Jackson is the greatest Negro pugilist in the world. The last issue of the Illustrated News, of New York, contained a group of six of the greatest black pugilists in the country, and Peter Jackson was the central figure in this group.

James, Evansville, Ind;—Yes. No. The Freeman is an independent paper and like the tariff question, is a little difficult to explain to some people. Send in your subscriptiou, and don't ask so many questions.

R. M. LaGrange, Texas;—Sends 13 one year subscriptions to The Freemau. Mr. R. sent for a few sample copies and instructions a few weeks ago; and the next thing we heard of him, was the above list of subscribers with the cash. Thanks.



Hon. John R. Lynch lectured at Shiloh Baptist Church in Chattanooga, Tenn., last week.

Hon. John L. Waller, of Kansas, lectured at Leavenworth the 6th. Subject, "The duty of the hour."

The Washington Bee advocates the appointment of Dr. R. S. Watts as health officer of the district.

The capital of the Tribune Publishing Company, of Nashville, which will begin business soon is $10.000.

Hon. Charles B. Wilson, of Louisiana has been appointed Surveyor General of that state in place of Griggs, whose appointment was obnoxious to Republicans of the State. Mr. Wilson is one of the best known Afro-Americans in the state of Louisiana.

The Western Hub is pouring hot shot into the enemy of the Negro. Fire away, for the Negro press must protect itself. Ignorance and political bosses have dominated too long. Pick out your friends wherever they are and stick to them, regardless of political parties.—The Optic.

Mr. Latortue has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of the Haytien Republic to the Court of St. James. He is a full-blooded Negro, who has long been known in connection with the political affairs of his native island. This is the first time that great Britian has counted a man of color among the resident diplomatic corpse accredited to her court.

Mr. White, the ex-Emperor of Brazil's violinist, is making a sensation in in London. White is an Afro-American, about forty years of age, and of superb presence. He has a fine large tone, a great deal of sentiment, and tremendous execution. Mr. White was obliged to leave Brazil with the imperial family. His fortune is made, as Paris is as enthusiastic over his genius as is London.

Edmond Dede, a native of New Orleans, La., is chief of the orchestra of the Alcazar Theatre at Bordeaux, France. In speaking of him the New Orleans Crusader says: "Edmond Dede is black as the ace of spades. In this country an unreasonable prejudice would have doomed him to a life of obscurity. In France, where equal advantages and equal rights are accorded to all, he has achieved success, distinction and fame."

There is now a confefence of colored men in connection with the governors of the southern states called to meet in Atlanta, Ga., on April, 30th, for the purpose of fixing something like an amnesty for the numerous outrages committed on our people in the South. The basis of the conference is fixed at two delegates from each congressional district. Mr. J. W. Thompson, of Jacksonville, Fla., is authority for the proposed conference.

The committees appointed by the different colored Baptist associations of Kentucky, to decide upon the location of the Southern Kentucky Normal School, after an exciting contest, reached a conclusion, and decided to locate the institution in Hopkinsville, Ky. The school is for the education of colored ministers and school teachers, and agents will immediately be sent out to secure an endowment fund. Other cities bid for the school, the founding of which will be an important event to the colored people of this state.

The colored Republicans of North Carolina are up in arms against the white Republican leaders and the President. They are dissatisfied with the proportion of Federal Patronage given them.—S. W. C. Advocate.

It would be a good thing for Bishop Turner if he would shut off his "bazoo" about deporting, the Negro to Africa and pay a little more attention to the ragged and hungry children about Atlanta.—American Citizen.

Aaron Hill, of Texarkana, Texas, is very much in love with Miss Daisy Robinson. Her brother has shot him twice, her father has whipped him with a blacksnake whip and had him arrested; but at last true love has prevailed, and Aaron and Daisy are wed with their parent's blessing,—Plaindealer.

There are a couple of men on the supreme bench of the United State who have never bowed the knee to Baal. We refer to Justices Harlem and Bradley. The distinguished son of "bleeding" Kansas was hardly warm in his seat before he had prepared a decision against the Negro. We make no bones of saying that the United States Supreme Court has done more to retard the progress of the "New Citizen" than any other branch of our government. By its "wishy-washy" decisions, apologies and compromises, the results of war have been well nigh reversed.—American Citizen.

The few colored men in the South whom the President has appointed to office were first required to get a certificate of character from white Democrats. The old Republican wheel horses like Pledger, Pinchback and Price, who fought for the party when it tore men's souls, have no standing with the present administration. We, therefore, conclude that, so far as building up the idea that this is a white man's government, the Administration is a grand success.—People's Advocate.

The Star of Zion is far from being correct when it styles Dr. Simmons, H. C. C. Astwood, Col. J. T. Wilson and one or two others named in the editorial department of its issue of March 13, "representative journalists who should receive representative places," not one of the above-named gentlemen is a journalist, nor has any one of them a claim upon the present administration for a representative place because of any connection with the race press he may have had in the past. Our contemporary makes a serious mistake in endeavoring to create any such impression, because there are too many deserving Afro-American journalists whom President Harrison has not properly recognized.—Cleveland Gazette.

FOR INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

The Tuskegee Students—Afro-American Mechanics—Personal.

New Haven (Ct.) Special to THE FREEMAN.

B. T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, along with a band of singers of the same institution, was heard at two large meetings in the interest of "Negro Education." The meetings were held, one in the United Church on the 16th, the other in the Dwight Place Church on the 17th inst., two of the most influential white churches in the city. Mr. Washington and others made appropriate remarks. The singers delighted the audience with their weird plantation melodies. Large contributions were given.

Richard Smith, a respectable citizen of New Haven, died at his residence on the 16th inst. His obsequies were held at Bethel A. M. E. Church.

The members and friends of the Zion A. M. E. Church presented their pastor, Rev. E. George Biddle, a splendid donation on the 19th inst. They fitly showed their appreciation of his faithful service by cheering his home with the good things of life. The pastor and his family are duly grateful.

Colored men are not excluded from the trades here. They have a fair show. There are intelligent, capable colored workmen who are in constant demand at $2.75 per day. Among the best journeymen are Chas. McSim, John R. Groves, James P. Harford, Anthony Skinner, James Treadwell, John Norcum, Daniel D. Cornell, and T. J. Baldwin. Edward Skinner and James Martin do fine work on carriages. Wm. Lane and John Godette are first-rate blacksmiths. It is a noticeable fact that such men are usually owners of property and of great value to their community. It is to be hoped that more stress will be laid on the necessity of skilled labor among colored men. A man who is master of a good trade is sure of his daily bread almost anywhere in the midst of civilization. It is an alarming state of affairs to see so many colored youth in all parts of the country neither in pursuit of education nor of trades that will help them in getting on in the world.

TIS.

THE QUEEN CITY NEWS.

Gathered by the Feerless and Ubiquitous Scribe—The Churches, Lodges and Personals.

Cincinnati O. Special to The Freeman.

Wilson Divison K. of P. gave a grand street parade Wednesday afternoon under command of Capt. Sweed, they marched over several prominent streets and then repaired to College Hall where they gave an entertainment, which was patronized by the Queen City's elite. The division presented a fine appearance with their gorgeous uniforms and military bearing.

The meeting of the Supt's. and delegates to the Cincinnati S. S. Workers Union met at the Union Baptist Church Wednesay evening at 8 o'clock. The meeting was opened by Mr. Fountain Lewis Sr.

Several ladies of Lexington, Paris and Georgetown, Ky. are organizing a party of ladies to visit Mammoth cave. They propose spending a week or ten days. Several Cincinnati ladies will be among the party, among them Mrs Lillie Henderson, Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Tenie Cooper, of Indianapolis, who is spending a few weeks in the city the guest of Mrs. A. H. Henderson.

Mrs. Julia A. Rice, of 461 Court street is suffering with neuralgia.

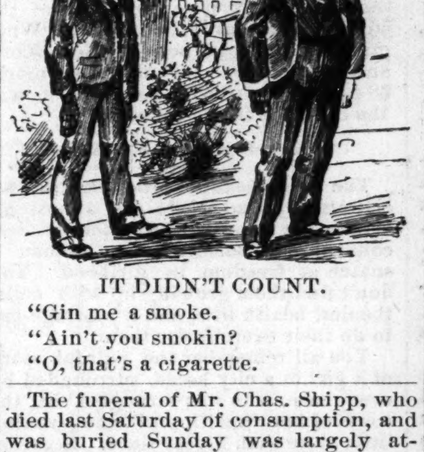
Mr. Cliff Courtney, a popular resident of the Queen City, has removed to Chicago.

Several prominent young men met at Smith's parlor last Sunday and discussed the idea of forming a colored building association.

Mr. Dan Rudd, editor of the Catholic Tribune has issned a call for a convention of colored Catholics of America, to be held here on July 8.

Mr. Jerry Reed, son of Mrs. Maria Williams, arrived home from Hot Springs Ark. seriously ill.

The entertainment given by the young folks, Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Zion Baptist church was well attended. The young ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves with mnch credit, and deserve the success with which they met.



IT DIDN'T COUNT.
"Gin me a smoke.
"Ain't you smokin?
"O, that's a cigarette.

The funeral of Mr. Chas. Shipp, who died last Saturday of consumption, and was buried Sunday was largely attended. Deceased was a bright young man and left many friends.

Mrs. Mosella Wilson has returned home from Yellow Springs O.

Prof. Johnson, is meeting with much success in his endeavors to establish a school of phonography in this city. Several young ladies and gentlemen are dow studying the art and bid fair to become experts under his careful instruction.

Harrison street Christian church has selected the following named brothers to transact the business of the church during the ensuing term: Levi Johnson, President; Robt. Howe, Treasurer; Elias Polk, Secretary; Board of Trustees, S. Hudson, Sr., A. Frazier, E. Polk, R. Howe, and L. Johnson. No better selection could have been made and it is safe to say that under their able management the affairs of the church will be conducted for the best interest of the church and to the glory of their masters cause

THE LIFE INSURANCE DISCRIMINATIONS.

The Social life of New York's Capitol—Personal mention.

Albany N. Y. Special to The Freeman.

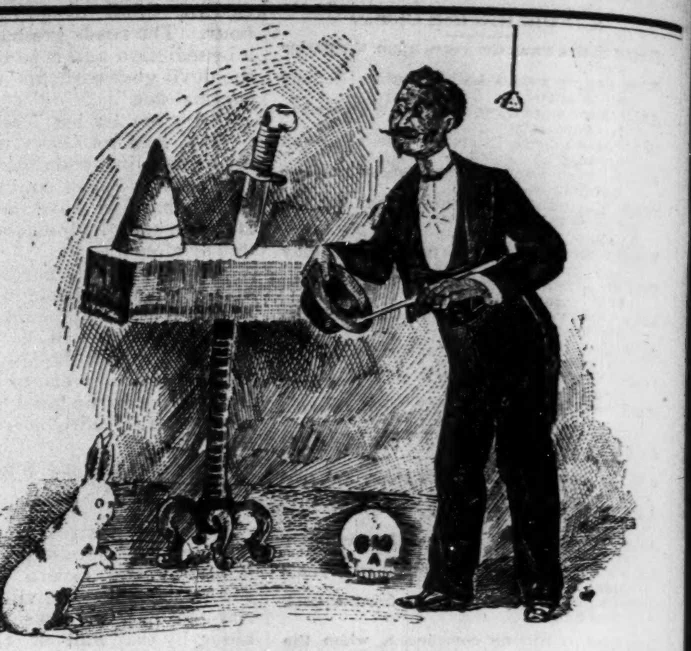
The Afro-American League, held its regular meeting in the lecture room of of the African M. E. Church, Hambleton street, on Tuesday evening, the 18th. The meeting was largely attended. After the regular business had been gone through with the audience listened to a very fine program composed of recitations and songs by R. H. Johnson, Vice-President of the League and B. J. Ford of New York City, Brother Chas. E. Lewis also made a very stirring address in regard to the Insurance Law, which was quite lengthy, showing the audience where the colored people, as a race, are deprived of their just rights as a race, and further stating, that we only get two-thirds as much as a white person paying the same assessments. The League membership of this city now numbers eighty-six and still increasing. The delegates elected to the State convention were as follows: Mr. J. H. Deyo, John Caldwell, C. E. Lewis and Mrs. A. P. Simpson. The League then extended its sympathy, with much regret, the sad news of the death of Miss Susie Deyo, youngest sister of our honored and respected President.

The Helping Hand Society held their reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Foreman, 308 Broadway, which was largely attended. The ladies served at 11 o'clock, a collation, after which dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, and all went home highly elated over their evening's pleasure and returning many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Foreman and the committee in charge, hoping that they will repeat it soon again.

A. Lincoln Lodge K. of P. No. 2, will give a grand promenade and reception in honor of the public instalation of the Grand Lodge officers at Union Hall, April 22d, instead of the 15th, as was first stated. Sir. R. F. Hurly of Bethel A. M. E. Church, New York City, will preach a sermon to the Grand Lodge and delegates and visiting Sir's. on the 21st of April. The general public is cordialy invited to attend Hambolton church on that evening.

Mr. R. F. Douge, a member of the National band and orchestra left this city on the 18th inst. to join a troupe at De Moins Iowa. We all wish the young man abundent success, he being the only colored musician in this city, was Vice President of the band. Mr. Douge graduated four years ago from Wilberforce College with high honors as Batchelor of Arts and Science.

Milton Fryman, youngest son of Mr. Allen Fryman, of Claverack, N. Y. died at the residence of Mr. Amos Jackson, on Chestnut street, Monday morning March 17th. The remains were conveyed to his home Tuesday morning, March 18th accompanied by his father and sister, Mrs. Ada Carl.



POSITIVELY NOTHING.
Prof.—"What do you see in the hat? (Voice in audience,) nothing!
Prof.—"If I place the hat on my head, then what? (another voice) nothing.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN VOTE

Will not Follow Blindly, But Will Vote to Suit Themselves—The Social and Religious World.

Chicago (Ill.) Special to THE FREFMAN.

Tuesday next, April 1st, will be a very important municipal election day. For aldermen, assessors, collectors, constsbles, etc., our colored citizens who have been boiling over with dissatisfaction, will have an opportunity to quietly resent their grievances Tuesday from 6 a. m. to 4 p. m. at the polls in their respective precincts. Do it quietly, by the vest pocket method; this is a local election; politics are practicable; vote for men and measures and the best interest of the Afro-Americans. Look up the record of each candidate, especially his tendency and interest toward the Afro-American; if a business man and he has no colored man in his employ, before you vote, find out why. The Fifth and Twenty-fourth Wards you have great grievances and much to consider. The candidates in the Twenty-fourth are D. H. McDonald, who we as Afro-Americans cannot conscientiously support, if we properly consider the following: On account of your color you are "bound to support him;" that Messrs. Porter & Johnson have more influence than the colored press, and they say its right. He runs an extensive hide business and no colored employes. It was his faction who defeated our candidate, Mr. Porter for constable and say unless the leading, brainy, influential independent of the league are fired, they are no good—a direct insult to every Afro-American in the Fourth Congressional district. Be men; teach him differently by supporting and electing (which is in your power) J. B. McAlbee whose many favors and much assistance already given us is an evidence that he can and will give in case of his election. He also will have some influence with thepresent administration. He respects the influence of the colored press and leaders which McDonald would not as is known in the cases of Messrs. Tiedeman and Dunham. Among others that should receive our support are Hons. S. Chase and Wm. T. Ball. While the latter has given us a night-watchman twice, next time ask for a clerk, and the same of Mr. Chase, and if done properly with the strong organization you have you can feel safe in securing them. It is hoped in the name and principles of political recognition, the Afro-Americans for once will act wisely in casting his ballots at this election.

Can this record be broken? J. C. Warner, Esq., graduated at Grammar School No. 1, New York, 1844, has lived in Chicago and in one ward thirty-three years, was the organizer of the Relief Corps or Under Ground Railroad in Chicago in '59, has been in the custom house over eight years, was never away twelve consecutive hours, in his life has held some very responsible positions, was clerk for the I. C. R. R. in the same office with its now President, S. Fish, Esq., received $500 more salary than he. The difference between them now is, he is a janitor, Fish is a railroad president. Now Warner says a man never gets rich working for wages, and he is certainly authority.

There are sixty-eight members of the Chicago council representing thirty-four wards and stands thirty-seven Republican and thirty-one Democrat.

The remains of Gen. Crook was escorted to the B. & O. depot Sunday by the various military and G. A. R. organizations of Chicago and surroundings. Dick Hubbard looked soldierly mounted on the field piece, as Afro-Americans do.

The Citizen's Investment Co., was incorporated March 21, 1890 with a capitol stock of $500. W. A. Williams, president; L. N. Johnson, vice president; W. H. Hunter, E. H. Payne, secretary.

Remember one deserving, tried and true friend, Rosswell Hayes, Tuesday.

The Grand Chapter, O. E. S., the order of Eastern Star, closed its session with an installation Wednesday evening last week at Arlington Hall.

Mrs. Hattie Barber and Wm. Woodridge were married at the bride's residence Thursday evening, Rev. L. H. Reynolds officiating. Many useful presents were received.

Among two of the leading Afro-Americans in thair line of business are J. A. Warren, 115 E. Harrison street, fresco painting, wall-papering etc., establishment in dull seasons run six men and when busy twelve and more, all Afro-Americans. Mr. L. Clarke, 1335 State, cabinet-maker and upholstering, etc., and is one of the oldest settlers of Afro-Americans in Chicago.

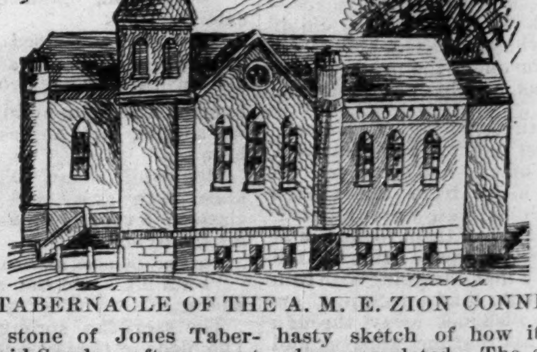
TUDA.

A Pretty Country Town.

The writer had occasion to visit the little city of Greenfield, in Hancock Co., on Friday of last week, and to say that he was surprised at the enterprise and beauty of this little town is putting it very mildly. It is a town of perhaps 3500 inhabitants; but it possesses as much pluck and enterprise to the square inch as any place we have visited. There are four newspapers, the Greenfield Democrat, The Republican, The Jeffersonian and The Home and Hand. All of these papers are doing a flourishing business. The office of The Democrat is one of the best and most complete newspaper offices in the state, and does work for all parts of the country. We were royally received and entertained by the denizens of this place. There are but few Afro-Americans in the city, but they are all thrifty and law-abiding citizens. We are under special obligations to Mr. Richard Curry, the popular tonsorial artist, for favors shown. Mr. Curry has the largest barber shop in the city, running four chairs and doing a flourishing business. He is also a musician of note, and is leader of the orchestra in that city. He looks enough like Prof. Henry Hart, of this city, to be his brother. Politically, Greenfield is very close. The county and city officers are about half and half. It is the first town we have ever visited in a northern state where there is absolutely no prejudice on account of color. The hotels, barber shops and public places of all kinds are open to all alike. Black faces fare as well as the white; with perhaps a little advantage in favor of the black face.

THE STANFORD KY. NEWS.

Mr. Lee Armstead has been very ill with la grippe.—Mr. Sam Myers has been unable to attend in his grocery store in Maxwell for a week or more, owing to illness.—Mr. Freeman Beasly is here from Cincinnati, on business, and will return Tuesday taking his sister with him.—Rev. Geo. W. Bolling, our pastor, preached an able sermon last Sunday, but the order was so bad that the deacons were forced to put a party out of the church and hand him over to tha marshall.



JONES' TABERNACLE OF THE A. M. E. ZION CONNECTION.

The corner stone of Jones Tabernacle will be laid Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. T. J. Manson officiating. It will be laid under the auspices of the U. B. F.'s and the Brotherhood Band will furnish the music. This church when completed will be one of the handsomest Afro-American churches in the city. We present a hasty sketch of how it will appear when completed. The success of this church is due very largely to the enterprise of the trustee board composed of the following well-known gentlemen: Thomas Poole, chairman; James Bell, Bazil Ewing, David Bell, Henry McKedrick, Frank Wells, M. R. Williams, Sam'l J. Blaylock, secretary.

SWELL HEAD.

Mr. Poppy was elected president of our popular club (the Dusstomaus) the other evening. The effect upon his brain was such that he has been compelled to carry his head in a sling. We suggest the above for his benefit.

A WEST INDIAN BARD.

An Autibiography of Robert Dingwall, of Jamacia.

Dear Mr. Editor:—Being but twenty-eight I could not help having a laugh at the idea of being asked to give some account of a life scarce yet begun and a self not yet developed. The request I suppose, may be but another form of saying, "we want to book you for life, friend; we shall never allow you to rust in idleness, nor sink into a vagabond, nor hide in obscurity!" To gratify this laudable desire, and if possible to place at the disposal of our colored, or now colored youth whatever of stimulus may be found in a brief sketch of my yet unlived life, I shall attempt what I would prefer another than myself to undertake.

I was born at New Broughton, Manchester, Jamaica, in the year 1861—the third of a family of ten sons (of whom eight survive) and two daughters of pure Negro stock, both parents being born just as slavery was struggling in the last throes of death. My mother has always been deeply religious; my father less so, although now he is elder in the church of my birth. My first definite religious impression was received from a remark of a gentleman, who was at once day and Sunday School teacher at Broughton: "Children, whenever you pray without your heart you are mocking God." From that Sunday night the little precious child began to try and pray from his heart, and the habit followed him till at the age of fourteen he got definitely converted. That parental oversight, constant employment from childhood, the remarkable guardianship of Providence and this secret longing for a sure salvation combined in the mercy of God to save him from early vice, and conversion at fourteen gave him a new heart and a new and higher aspirations. So long and earnestly had I been seeking how to be saved and to know it, that when at last I found it, I prayed secretly to God to grant me if He saw fit the opportunity of publishing salvation's story. Three years passed, and unexpectedly I saw how my prayer could possibly be answered. The U. P. Church opened in 1878 a college for Theological students in Kingston, and my pastor, the Rev. A. G. Hogg, who had all along had his eye on me, pointed my attention thitherwards. Meantime being rather greedy for knowledge, I had been privately studying Latin with one school-master, and had just begun Greek with another. I wasted no inch of time and being of a rather independent turn of mind, I toiled hard with the head and no less with the hand when unwilling to ask my father for everything. I am glad of the habit today, for I always feel prepared to dash through the world, and idleness to me were misery. At eighteen I took charge of the school at Victoria Town. Here I studied elementary mathematics with one pastor and the Hebrew grammar with another—still greedy of time and busy preparing for college. Three years later I entered college but on nearing the end of the curriculum I was laid aside by a severe attack of melancholia which compelled me to endure no less than twenty months of absolute rest. It was during this period of enforced idleness that I began to discover that there was a little vein of versification in my mental constitution and commenced writing lines as a pastime. The one has yielded me at least two guineas which I got as a reward for some lines addressed to His Excellency, Sir Henry Clay Norman, Sir Henry being the Governor of Jamaica. Poetry, however, is the offspring of leisure, and I have to leave it pretty much alone to others possessed of a higher genius and less abundant work.

For two years I acted as assistant to another minister, and in October 1888 was ordained pastor of the congregation of Bryce Church, a young congregation in the hill region of my native parish. It was while acting as assistant preacher that I wrote "Hope for Africa's Child," and got my four colleagues to assist in the compilation of "Jamaica's Jubilee, or what we are and what we used to be," to act as a stimulus and guide to the emancipated people of Jamaica in the jubilee year of our freedom. Next to the direct work of soul-saving my great object in life just now is to join with all good men in lifting our West India Christianity up to a higher level of purity, beauty and strength, so that men women and children may be found in sufficient number to not only to fill places of trust, honor and usefulness at home, but to supply an increasing staff of capable and reliable missionaries to our bleeding fatherland. I own that I am a patriot. How can I help it when I see a whole continent of "my brethren according to the flesh," lying in darkness, oppression and death. While her expatiated children in the West who are just awakening, we trust to realize their real position and calling, are in such imminent danger, so far as these West Indies are concerned, of having their physical, moral, and spiritual constitution sapped and debilitated at the very point where a nation's decay and death most surely and readily begin—a lax morality? More and more do I feel the impulse to do my utmost to join other earnest men in calling by voice upon the attention of my countrymen to this vital subject. So while holding my little fort on this lonely hill-top, I am secretly desiring and meditating a more general attack on that subtle and secret enemy of our West Indian Christianity and our struggling race. I am now but twenty-eight. My life may be long or short, but in either case I wish not to waste a day of it, but "redeeming the time, because the days are evil." I pray God I may be enabled to do a little in giving the gospel to the world and in helping myself and my brother in the West to realize our special mission and not bury one iota of talent in aught that is base, suicidal, or groveling, but by the help of our God, to strive after what the departed Beecher has so admirably expressed—to become "a people fit for the purposes of God in the rising kingdom of God in this world."

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours truly,
ROBERT DINGWALL,
Bryce, Devon P. O., Jamaica, W. I.
November 30, 1889.

VIRGINIA'S METROPOLIS.

The Population and Business Life of Norfolk—Political Cudgeon—Valorous Secret Societies.

Norfolk, (Va.) Special to THE FREEMAN.

The population of Norfolk, the commercial and business metropolis of Virginia, is now about 38,000, of which number five-elevenths or more are colored. The increase has been effected by the annexation of suburbs which have also largely increased, in fact trebled, the area of the city. Politics, as usual, play an important part in the conduct of its affairs, and the colored man is an important factor at every election, though here, as elsewhere, he isn't noticed after election. The political pot here is boiling and before its ebulitions cease, some auxiliaries of the powers that be will be badly scalded. The fight for the collectorship of this port having been settled by the selection of Mayor R. G. Banks—then Mayor of the city—which position he resigned when appointed collector, the hurdle race for position, open to all comers, has begun in earnest and the name of the entries is legion. Fourteen places, viz: Deputy collector, cashier, marine clerk, book-keeper, boarding officer, four inspectors, watchman, janitor and assistant, and boatman and assistant are to be filled. "The man and brother" will get the four last places but not without considerable opposition from the Caucasians who constitute the "bread and butter brigade" and say to the Negro, "you vote; we'll hold the offices; it is not yet time for you to show your face for office."

The colored people here are quite progressive and have a keen eye for business. There are a number of well-to-do colored merchants and business men, three undertakers, a cigar-maker, several contractors and green grocery men innumerable.

More than 100 secret societies flourish at the discretion of valorous treasurers. Two companies of State volunteers complete the list.

The spiritual needs of our people are cared for by a sleek and well-fed ministry, Norfolk being the Mecca toward which the ministerial pilgrims of this State instinctively gravitate, for here chickens roost low.

On Sunday afternoon, March 16, at 3:30 o'clock a very inteligent mass of colored people gathered at West Point Cemetery to witness the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of Rev. M. Bowler, ex-pastor of the Bank Street Baptist Church. The ceremony was conducted by Star of East Lodge No. 1820 G. U. O. F., of which he was a member. The ceremonies were closed by the present pastor, Rev. James M. Young with some very striking remarks in the behalf of the deceased.

MUNCHAUSEN.

THE CHURCH.

Bishop W. J. Wayman dedicated an A. M. E. Church at McDonald, Pa., March 16 th.

The Catholic Church is making great efforts to win the Afro-Americans to the Church of Rome.

The Rev. E. W. Blyden, D. D. sailed from New York for England, March 5th. He says, as his work in America is far from being done, he may return next fall. Bishop Turner dubs him the most learned Negro living while editor Fortune says he is n. g.

Rev. J. C. Embry, manager of the Christian Recorder, gives notice that Wm. M. Wiley is no longer agent for the publications of the A. M. E. church and the Recorder.

The Rev. Wm. J. Simmons, district secretary of home mission work for the South, requests all collections to be fowarded to him at 712 W. Kentucky street, Louisville, Ky.

The Rev. W. T. Smith of Lafayette, Ala. is compiling a series of lectures on womans suffrage, and desires correspondents having opinions and facts to adress him at that place.

Dr. C. S. Smith, secretary of the A. M. E. Sunday School Union, has been spending several weeks at Hot Springs, Ark., and his health is so improved that he expects to be able to resume his duties shortly.

The latest issue of the Christian Recorder contained an article by the Rev. D. A. Graham of Kalamazoo, Mich., on the "Christian Sabbath," in reply to the Rev. C. W. Mossell who questioned the right of observing Sundry as the Sabbath.

Samuel N. Gold, for Township Trustee.

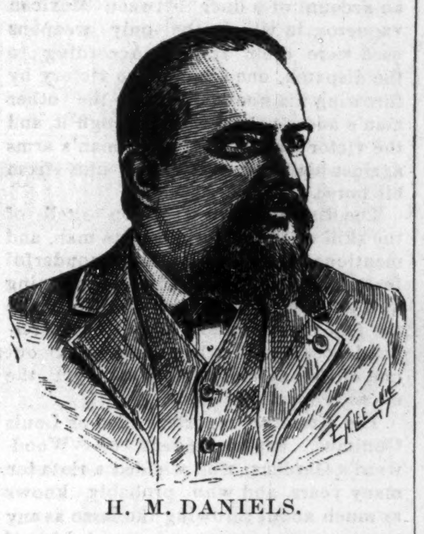
One of the best known men on the ticket, and one of the strongest men is Mr. Samuel N. Gold, the nominee for township trustee. Mr. Gold possesses not only an unblemished record as a business man, but a reputation for honesty and square dealings possessed by but few. He is well known in business circles, and has a large acquaintance and many frienns. In fact his support will come largely from all parties; for while he will poll a full party vote, he will also draw largely from the Republican and labor ranks. He is a friend to the labor class, and has done much to endear the leaders of this movement to him. With the colored people, he is also popular, being a liberal contributor to their churches, lodges and enterprises of every kind. He was born in Pickaway Co., O., but came to this state in 1845. He began his career in this city, in the grocery business on Washington street, and served as man and boy until '63. After his father had sold the business, young Gold entered the Bryant & Stratton's Business College and took a two years course and qualified himself as an expert penman and book-keeper. He then took a position with H. S. Martin & Co., insurance agents, as head book-keeper and remained with that firm until he went into business for himself at Stockwell, Ind., a little town near Fayette. He returned to this city in 1871, and after serving others as book-keeper and manager, bought out the commission house of G. G. Holman, on W. Washington street. He succeeded here, but subsequently moved to 49 S. Deleware street, his present place of business; where he now conducts a large commission house and gives employment to a large number of men. He is a man whose chairatable and benevolent tendencies are well known. And while he will not be extravigant, if elected, the poor who are in need, can always get an audiance and succor, if they deserve it. Mr. Gold is not a politician, but his friends will see to it that he is elected by a large majority.

M. H Daniels, for Justice of the Peace.

In making up a ticket, it is always well that every element of the party be represented on it; and the party showed good sense in placing Mr. Daniels on the ticket. He is a splendid type of the soldier element. Mr. Daniels is a lawyer and pension agent by profession. He was born in Alleghany Co., N. Y., in 1857; and enlisted in the war of the rebellion May the 14th, 1861 and served until 1864. He made an enviable record as a soldier, and took part in some of the hardest fought battles of the war. After the war he lived in Florida until 1874, and came to this city in that year. He was admitted to the bar in 1875, and entered into the insurance and real estate business soon after. For the last eight or ten years he has followed his chosen profession, that of law and giving special attention to the pension business. Mr. Daniels is a jovial whole-souled man, and has a large number of friends and workers in the Republican party. If the citizens of this township want a good up-right man for justice of the of the peace, they can't do better than elect Mr. Daniels.

S. N. GOLD.

GEORGE WOLF.



H. M. DANIELS.

JAMES JOHNSTONE.

James Johnson for Justice of the Peace.

The party could have made no better selection than this one. Mr. Johnson is a hoosier by birth, and a well known citizen in this city. He was born in Dearborn Co., on a farm near Aurora, Ind., and came to this city in 1869, and has lived here ever since. He early engaged in the real estate business, and has followed this profession ever since. He has served two years in the city council, and made a good record. He is popular with all classes, and will poll a full party vote. He will be elected by a rousing majority.

Mr. George Wolf for Township Assessor.

One of the most popular men on the ticket is Mr. George Wolf. He is a German by birth, but came to this country in early manhood. He received a finished education in a gymnasium school in Germany and here layed the foundation of a good English education. He came to this city when quite a young man, and has lived here every since. While he is not a rich man, what he possesses is the product of his own brain and brawn. He worked in ——— grocery as clerk, salesman and general utility man, until six or seven years ago, when he bought out the grocery on South Illinois street, just south of the Union depot, where he conducted a successful business, until the enlargement of the new Union Station forced him out of business. Since that time he has had a desk in the county auditor's office. Mr. Wolf being in the auditor's office, is well acquainted with the duties and requirements in the assessor's office. The party made a wise selection in nominating him for this place. He is a splendid representative of the German American element of this city. He is kind and openheartəd, and if sterling worth and true merit accounts for anything, Mr. Wolf is certain to be the next township assessor. You can vote for no better man.

DEMOCRATIC TOWNSHIP TICKET.

FOR TRUSTEE,
SAMUEL N. GOLD.
FOR ASSESSOR,
GEORGE WOLF.
JUSTICES OF PEACE.
[Indianapolis.]
LUKE WALPOLE,
CARL HABBICH,
JAMES JOHNSON,
M. H. DANIELS.
[Brightwood.]
CHAS. B. WILLARD.
[West Indianapolis.]
O. W. ALLEN.
FOR CONSTABLES,
GEORGE HUTTON.
W. M. COOK.
CHARLES SORTERS.
JAMES SLOAN.

NOTES.

We present to the readers of THEE FREEMAN, in this issue the portraits of the Democratic candidates on the township ticket. They are a fine looking set of men, and as there are no politics in local elections every citizen in the township can afford to vote for these men, and hereby do the city a great good.

The best and cheapest store to buy your hats is at "Seaton's Hat Store," 25 North Penn. street.

Removal.

Sloan's Drug Store removed temporarily to No. 120 South Illinois street.

RACE GLEANINGS.

C. W. Buckley, the new postmaster at Montgomery, Ala., has found places for nineteen Afro-Americans.

Congressman Cheatham of North Carolina, is about to send a colored cadet to the U. S. Naval Academy.

Eatonville, Florida, a city of more than one thousand inhabitants, has a colored mayor, and the town council are all colored.

Odd Fellows of Chattanooga, Tenn., will shortly erect a $10,000 hall. A site for the building has been chosen and the trustees report $8,000 in hand.

The colored men of Fort Worth, Texas, own property to the extent of $350,000. The leading property owners are Rev. Canile and Thomas Mason.

Colored men of Boston are organizing a Crispus Attucks club in memory of one of the black martyrs who fell before King George's minions in Boston street 120 years ago.

The first bale of cotton of the season in Egbert county, Ga., has been produced by an Afro-American with only one leg. His large bank account shows the good results of thrift and industry.

The tables are beginning to turn at last in the New South: M. J. Cheatham, white, was hanged in Granada, Miss., last Thursday, for the murder of John Tilman, an Afro-American who testified against him in a gambling case. This is the second white man that has been hanged for the murder of a colored man in Mississippi.

A convention has been called to meet in Columbus, O., May 20, 1890, for the purpose of organizing an Afro-American State League. A full representation of every county is desired. The call is signed George Fields, Toledo; George H. Jackson, Cincinnati; C. L. Maxwell, Xenis; Lee Oberlin, Hon. Jere Brown, and H. C. Smith, of Cleveland, and Charles Cottrell, of Columbus.

Mr. Woodwed:—"Clarise, you know I love you."
Miss Pashyonce:—"You've told me that over and often.
Mr. W.:—"What great proof can I give you?"
Miss P.:—"Marry me!" "Pfylanges."

ELIAS A. WILLIAMS. M. D.

We present our many readers of THE FREEMAN, the picture of Dr. E. A. Williams, of New Orleans, La., the Supreme Chancelor of the colored Knights of Pythias of the world. Upon his ascendency to the head of the Order in 1886, it begun to increase in membership. With his zeal he has planted the Order throughout this country, South America and the West Indies. He devotes much of his time to the interest of the race. He is a practicing physician in New Orleans, and Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons for the State of Louisiana, now serving his fifth term. He is Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandry of the Knights of Templars of Louisiana and Alabama. He is also a member of the Supreme Council of Scotish Rite Masonry of the Thirty-third and last degree of the Southern Mason Jurisdiction Grand Orient of Washington, D. C. Dr. Williams is largely interested in real estate and many other enterprises in New Orleans. He is editor and manager of the Journal of Lodge, a semi-monthly, devoted exclusively to the doings of secret societies. His editorials are full of pith and to the point.

[OUR LETTERS—CONTINUED FROM 4TH PAGE.]

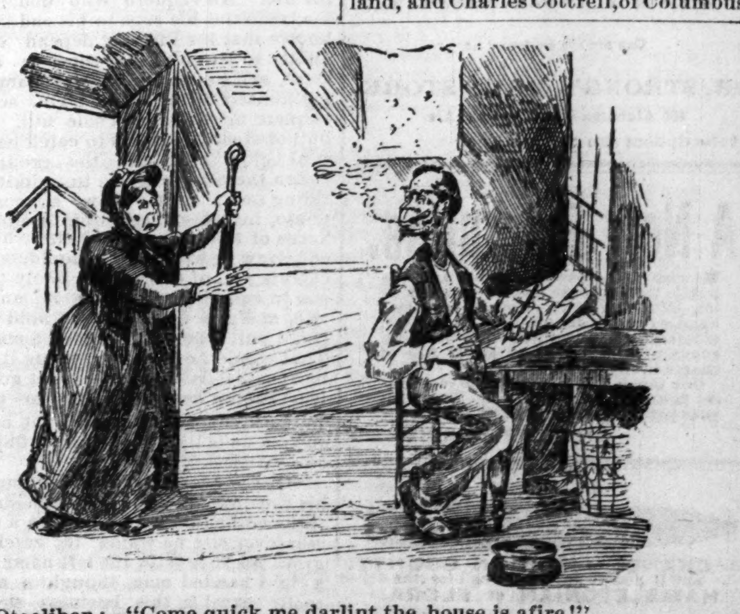
The Freeman Indianapolis, Indiana, should have a large patronage from Afro-Americans. Its illustrated department is exciting a powerful influence. The 40 acres and a mule cut in last week's number is good.—Afro-American Presbyterrian.

H. H., Petersburg, Va; The papers are counted carefully, and wrapped ecurely every mailing night, and you should have no trouble in recieving them; they ought to reach you by Saturday morning of each week. This same informatiou, can be also referred to W. A. J. of Richmond, Va., and to S. D. J. Pensacola, Fla.

G. M. T., Lawrence, Kans.:—We regard Rev. J. C. Price as one of the ablest Afro-American oraters in the country. You could make no better selection.

A. V., Huntington, Fla;—No. He is a married man.

Scipio., Birmingham, Ala;—A married woman has a perfect right to leave her property, real or personal, to whom she pleases. The husband has no legal right to her property, unless she dies without leaving a will.



Mrs. Otoolihan:—"Come quick me darlint the house is afire!"
Mr. Otoolihan:—"Be aisy, sit down on yez self the house is foir proof."

POLITICAL.

FOR CLERK SUPREME COURT — MARION COUNTY -JOSEPH T. FANNING -- Subject to the decision of the Democratic State convention.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, JOHN OSTERMAN—Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

FOR CLERK OF MARION COUNTY, JOHN R. WILSON.

FOR RECORDER OF MARION COUNTY, JOHN L. F. STEEG.

SIMON SCHMALHOLZ, FOR RECORDER of Marion County—Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

FOR SHERIFF, JOHN JOHNSON—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR TOWNSHIP ASSESSOR, H. W. WHITE Subject to the Republican nominating convention.

FOR SHERIFF OF MARION COUNNY, HENRY W. LANGENBURG—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, JOHN W. HOLTZMAN—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, CHARLIE LAMOTTE—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—WM. LANGSTAFF—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY CLERK - CHAS. W. BRIDGES—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention

FOR SHERIFF OF MARION COUNTY—JACK S. CROSBY,—Subject to the Democratic ominating convention.

FOR CLERK OF MARION COUNTY—V. M. BACKUS—Subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR AUDITOR OF MARION COUNTY — THOMAS TAGGART—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR RECORDER OF MARION COUNTY—JOSEPH BRISTOW—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY RECORDER—W. B. FLICK — Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER---THIRD DISTRICT—JACOB A. EMRICH—Subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE--- CENTER TOWNSHIP---MARION COUNTY --- RICHARD M. SMOCK—Subject to the decision of the Republican convention.

FOR COUOTY COMMISSIONER--THIRD DISTRICT---FURMAN STOUT--Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR SHERIFF OF MARIOM COUNTY---CAPT. J. MANY—Subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

FOR CONSTABLE OF CENTER TOWNSHIP--CHAS R. BIGGS -Subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

FOR ASSESSOR OF CENTER TOWNSHIP--B. F. JONES---subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR CORONER OF MARION COUNTY- FRANK E. MANKER, M. D.—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

VOKE FOR

HUGH WHITE,

FOR TOWNSHIP ASSESSOR.

Election. Monday, April 7.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, [Third District.]

JACOB HANCH,

Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,

D. MUSSMANN,

Subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

THE CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
INDIANAPOLIS.
Capital, - - $300,000.
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Its fleece is black, you know;
And everywhere that Mary goes,
That Lamb is sure to go.

THROWING THE RIATA.

AN EXPERT ON THE USE OF THE ROPE IN CLEVER HANDS.

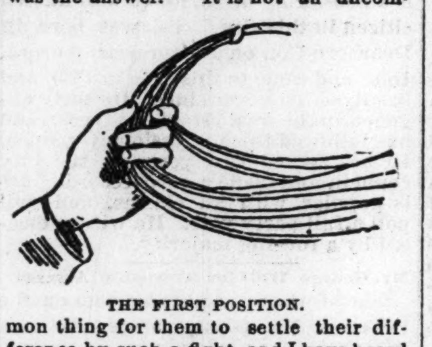
How It Is Made—A Quick Man a Match for a Pistol—Views Showing Positions in Casting.

A dispatch published in the San Francisco *Examiner* a short time ago gave an account of a duel between Mexican vaqueros, in which the only weapons used were their riatas. According to the dispatch, one secured the victory by throwing his noose so that the other man's noose passed right through it, and the victor lassoed the other man's arms against his body and jerked him from his horse.

The dispatch then went on to tell of the skill of the victorious riata man, and mentioned, among other wonderful feats, his lassoing an antelope running at high speed 100 feet away. To make the feat more extraordinary, the correspondent wrote that he would pick out one of the animal's feet and get the noose around that alone.

The *Examiner* reporter called on Louis Ohnimus, superintendent of Woodward's Gardens, who wielded a riata for many years, and who probably knows as much about throwing the lasso as any man on the coast, and asked him if the feats referred to in the dispatch were possible.

"The Mexican may have won the duel by lassoing his adversary, riata and all," was the answer. "It is not an uncom-



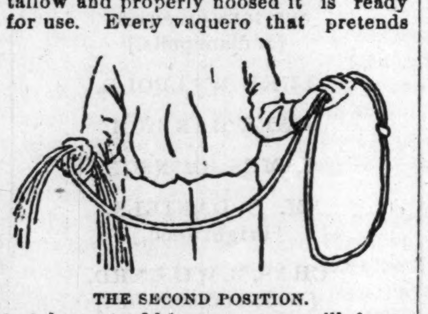
THE FIRST POSITION.

mon thing for them to settle their difference by such a fight, and I have heard of the trick of ringing the other man's rope, but if that man can catch an antelope 100 feet away, oy the foot or any other way, he is a better riata man than I ever encountered. In the first place, mighty few men are strong enough to throw a rope such a distance. Then an ordinary riata is only fourteen or sixteen yards long—twenty yards is a very long one. So, you see, a forty-foot throw is a pretty good one.

"The first thing about this business is to have a perfect riata. If you have one perfectly stretched, oiled, and in thoroughly good condition you can throw well; if your rope is kinky or uneven you will find it impossible to do accurate work."

"What do you consider a good riata?" was asked.

"Well, I can only tell you how a good one is made. First, the rawhide is cut in thin strips, as long as possible, and half tanned with the hair on. Then they are braided into a rope, care being taken, of course, to pull the strands as tight as possible. When the riata is made it should be buried for a week, ten days, or even a fortnight, in the sand. It takes up moisture from the ground without getting hard. Soaking it in water won't do, nor will anything else that I know of except, as I say, burying it. When the riata is resurrected it should again be left for a time stretched over a block, with a weight to hold it taut. Then the hair should be sand-papered off the outside, and when the riata is greased with mutton tallow and properly noosed it is ready for use. Every vaquero that pretends



THE SECOND POSITION.

to take care of his apparatus will bury his riata and stretch it every six or eight months.

"A hair rope does not make a good riata. It is useful to stretch around camp at night to keep snakes away. For some reason snakes will not cross a hair rope.

Now, as to throwing it:

"The riata, say, is hanging from the horn of the saddle—not tied, but ready for use. No vaquero who understands his trade ties his rope to his saddle. He knows that his life may depend on his ability to let go of his rope in an instant, and he isn't going to chance killing himself or his horse. You see, the vaquero might be on a side hill, and a bull or steer he wishes to catch be on a trail below him, and the ground between them be to steep to admit of his riding down to it. Now, suppose the noose, instead of catching around the horns of the steer, should circle his neck and draw down to his shoulders? Accidents are, of course, as likely to happen in catching cattle as in anything else, and give a bull such a hold and he could pull a house, let alone a mustang. That would be one case where it would be very handy to be able to let go quickly. Then a man is likely to get his hand caught, and if he can't let his rope go free he is likely to lose a finger or two, at least.

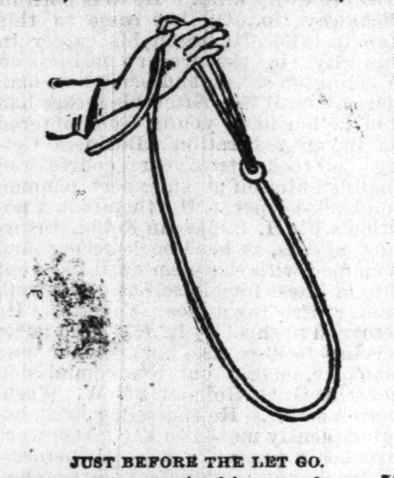
"Our vaquero is trotting along with his rope hanging at his saddle bow or fastened behind him. He sees a deer or whatever else he wants to catch, and grabs his rope with the left hand if he is a right handed man, though a man to really excel in this business should be ambidextrous. A right-handed man can, under any ordinary circumstances, rope a steer, but he has frequently to turn his horse to gain a good position. Now, it sometimes happens that your horse is in a position where you can't turn, then it would be awkward unless you could throw with either hand. I usually throw with my left hand, though I can use either.

"I take up the rope from the saddle-bow, so."

He lifted his riata in his right hand. His little finger held the standing end of the rope, the third and middle fingers supported the coil and the noose dangled from his first finger, while his thumb steadied the whole rope and held it from slipping. The coils of the rope were not more than a foot or a foot and half in diameter. The noose was the same size.

"That's a smaller noose than you would use on the range, isn't it?"

"No," answered Mr. Ohnimus, "the

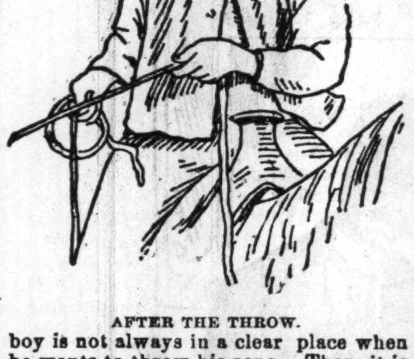


JUST BEFORE THE LET GO.

vaquero never carries his noose long. If he did, it would be constantly getting tangled up in horse's legs. He makes it larger when he swings it. But to go back to the process of lassoing. As our cowboys gets close to his quarry he takes the noose in his lasso hand. I will loose my left, as it is a trifle handier for me. He grips the rope, not too firmly, holding the standing part and the side of the noose about half the length of the loop away from the knot. This is to enable him to swing the noose so that it will fall open. If he holds it at the knot he will throw a long, narrow noose that is very likely to cross and kink.

"Meanwhile I, representing our cow boy, hold the remaining coils in my other hand, only changing the position of my forefinger so as to secure better control of the coils.

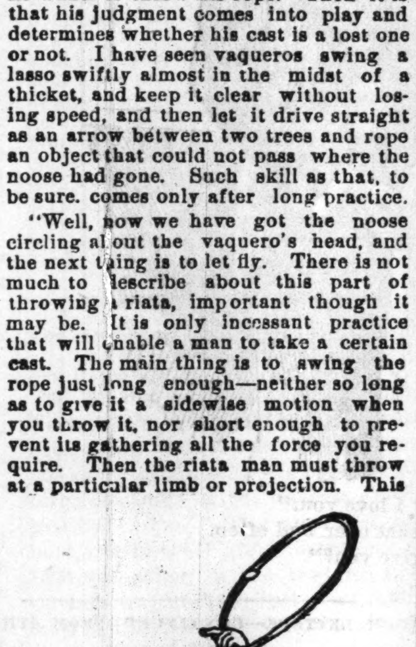
"Then comes the third maneuver—enlarging the noose. Of course you have to have a larger noose than one a foot in diameter to drop over a steer's horns forty feet away. The noose is enlarged by swinging the noose in your lasso hard until the centrifugal force pulls it out to the size you wish (this is the reason you do not grasp it too firmly), letting go with the other hand, of course, as many coils as are necessary to make the noose the right size. Now you have the noose in the air you do not cease making it circle around your head until you let it go. When the noose has been let out to the right size the next trouble is to keep it open and to avoid entangling it in the brush or other surrounding obstructions. You keep it open, as I said, by holding the noose from quarter to half its length from the knot, and by a peculiar twist of the wrist that is only obtainable by practice. To keep it clear of the brush is often a more difficult job, for the cow-



AFTER THE THROW.

boy is not always in a clear place when he wants to throw his rope. Then it is that his judgment comes into play and determines whether his cast is a lost one or not. I have seen vaqueros swing a lasso swiftly almost in the midst of a thicket, and keep it clear without losing speed, and then let it drive straight as an arrow between two trees and rope an object that could not pass where the noose had gone. Such skill as that, to be sure, comes only after long practice.

"Well, now we have got the noose circling about the vaquero's head, and the next thing is to let fly. There is not much to describe about this part of throwing a riata, important though it may be. It is only incessant practice that will enable a man to take a certain cast. The main thing is to swing the rope just long enough—neither so long as to give it a sidewise motion when you throw it, nor short enough to prevent its gathering all the force you require. Then the riata man must throw at a particular limb or projection. This

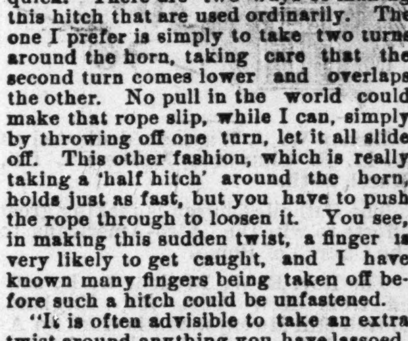


ENLARGING THE NOOSE.

thing of tossing blindly at an object and trusting to luck that the animal will get into the rope somehow will not do. You must pick out your mark as carefully as if you were shooting at it and then time it.

"A steer jumping along changes his position constantly as regards you. If you throw at his head high up the chances are that it will be away down when your rope reaches him, and you will overthrow. Now, if you pick out a foot you must reckon so that that foot will be off the ground when your rope reaches him. The noose does not travel like a bullet, and this element of time is most important.

"Of even more importance is it that the distances are gauged correctly. You remember I spoke about holding the coils lightly in two or three fingers. Well, that is done in order that as many coils as may be considered necessary



THE HITCH ON THE HORN.

may be let go. If you are wielding a riata you know that each of your coils is almost two feet or two and one-half feet long. So if you want to lasso something twenty feet away you let go the coils.

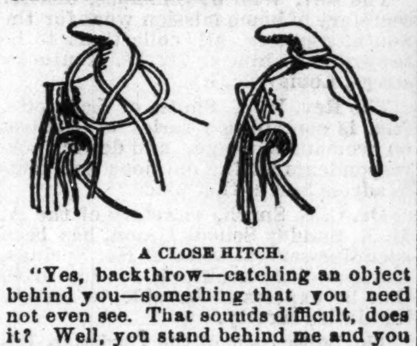
"As to letting go, you simply open your hand at the correct time and the rope slips off.

"But even after you have roped your steer your work is not over. Almost any animal can pull you from your horse, and to prevent this you must get your rope around the horn of your saddle. There is where you have to be quick. There are two ways of making this hitch that are used ordinarily. The one I prefer is simply to take two turns around the horn, taking care that the second turn comes lower and overlaps the other. No pull in the world could make that rope slip, while I can, simply by throwing off one turn, let it all slide off. This other fashion, which is really taking a 'half hitch' around the horn, holds just as fast, but you have to push the rope through to loosen it. You see, in making this sudden twist, a finger is very likely to get caught, and I have known many fingers being taken off before such a hitch could be unfastened.

"It is often advisible to take an extra twist around anything you have lassoed, and this is done by simply throwing a coil. Practice, again, is the only thing that can teach this.

"Now, you have the whole theory of throwing a rope.

"There are four sorts of throws, but they are all made alike, only the position of the arm being different. They are the overthrow, the underthrow, the sidethrow and backthrow."



A CLOSE HITCH.

"Yes, backthrow—catching an object behind you—something that you need not even see. That sounds difficult, does it? Well, you stand behind me and you can see it done."

The reporter took his station twenty foot behind Ohnimus, quite out of his sight, of course. He swung the loop around his head, without turning, let it fly backward. It circled the newspaperman exactly, and by pulling it quickly Ohnimus had his arm pinioned to his side.

THEY FILLED WITH WIND.

On board a steamboat the other evening a strange thing occurred, which teaches a valuable lesson, says the *Astorian*. A shy young man decided to abandon a venerable pair of trousers to their fate, having just secured a new pair as he went on the boat. So he said to himself: "I will just drop them out of my cabin window into the remorseless tide, and all will be buried in the great calm bosom of the old Columbia." He rolled them up carefully and shied them far, far out over the gunwale of the boat near the bow. As they sped through the air they unfurled with a soul-piercing plunk. They filled with air and looked as they struck on the crest of the waves, like a man looking over to peer into the depths of the tide.

A nervous woman about midships heard the impact of the abandoned trousers, and looking down with a shudder, said: "Me Gawd, a human being has went to his account." She then became the author of a loud yell and all hands rushed to the guards with a cry of "Man overboard!" that awful cry which once heard can never be forgotten.

A hundred hands ran to the lower decks, and, amid the cries of women and the quick-drawn breath of pale men, a tall roustabout jabbed the drowning man in the vitals with a jabber, and, while fainting passengers looked the other way, he pulled out the now collapsed trousers and found on the inside of the waist-band the name of the owner, also the leg and waist measurement, together with the name of an Astoria tailor.

Then they began to hunt over the boat and in the dregs of the river for the man who had occupied the trousers aforetime, and that shy young man's name was in every mouth, and he didn't dare to come down to breakfast, and his jet black mustache, which could be distinctly seen when he left, from very fright turned around and went back again.

Why Blind Persons Never Smoke.

A peculiarity about the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking and who have lost their sight in action continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say that it gives them no pleasure when they can not see the smoke, and some have said that they can not taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the theory that if you blindfold a man in a roomful of smoke and put a lighted and unlighted cigar in his mouth alternately he will not be able to tell the difference.

It is related of a Traverse City girl that she has made her best fellow promise to come around at noon for an answer to his proposal of marriage. The girl says she has seen him several thousand times, but always in the evening, and she will marry no man unless she knows how he looks by daylight.

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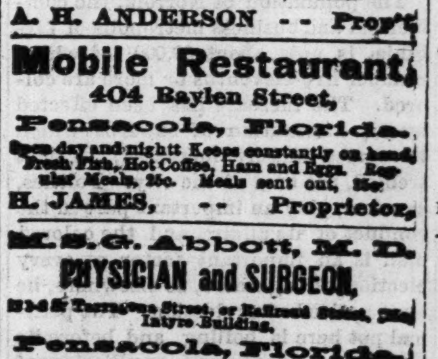

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A MULE MOUNT BY MOONLIGHT.

A Brigade's First Experience Mounted During the Late War.

In December, 1862, just before Rosecrans planned to start for Murfreesboro from Nashville, John Morgan broke into Kentucky again on one of his numerous raids.

Some one had to be sent after him. Our division—the Fourth in the Fourteenth Army Corps—was assigned to the duty. Our brigade had been stationed at Mumfordsville, on the Green River, from about the 20th of October until the latter part of November, and we had not been away from there thirty days. This trip sent us back to within three miles of the same place, to turn around again, after three or four days, and march back to Nashville and then on to Murfreesboro, thus passing substantially over the same route three times in less than forty days; but in consequence we missed the heavy battle of Stone River.

When the order to pursue Morgan was received we were in camp at or near Bledsoe's Creek. We moved rapidly, and came so close to Morgan that he was beginning to shy off, and was heading evidently for a return into Tennessee. When near Cave City, in Kentucky, one evening soon after we bivouacked, we received orders to send a certain number of mules from each regiment train to a certain point on the pike within our lines by 9 o'clock. The strangeness of the order caused a good deal of curiosity; but upon inquiry we soon found Col. Wilder of an Indiana regiment and commanding the First Brigade of our division had become possessed of the idea that if he could get his command to a certain point that night he could hurt Morgan seriously, and perhaps capture him. He was so full of enthusiasm over the project, and had so much faith in it, that he finally prevailed upon our division commander to issue the order for the mules to be furnished from the teams.

We had no cavalry of any amount with us, and there was no way to get Wilder's men to the point he wanted to go to except to use the mules.

When it was known what was to be done the teamsters notified some of their friends that if they wanted to see a good deal of fun in a short time they had better be at the place where the mules were to be taken.

Accordingly quite a little party of us went. It was a bright moonlight night. It should, perhaps, be said that of the teams used in the army one mule was ridden by the driver, and the other five may have been thoroughly broken to harness, tractable and serviceable, but quite probably had never been ridden, and to attempt to mount them was much like attempting to mount so many untamed mules.

The men had no saddles, and all they could do was to jump right on to the bare backs of the animals, or simply put their blankets on, with nothing to keep them in place.

When we arrived there were several hundred mules on hand, and the men to mount soon arrived. The pike was so full that there was soon an overflow into a plowed field along its side, and in a short time all took to the field for obvious reasons.

As soon as the command to mount came things became active. In less than five minutes a good many men had been thrown on to the stony pike with such force and violence that they were disabled from duty that night, and quite a number were seriously injured. It soon became apparent that the soft plowed field was much the safer place, and all withdrew to that. There the mounting was going on on a large scale. If a man was thrown off he was not generally hurt much, as the ground was soft. It is not wide of the mark to say that for some time the air was full of mules' heels, blankets, and men. Considerably more than half of the men were thrown off. Some went off on the end, over the mule's head, some on the rear end. Some never firmly gained a seat, but were pitched about, and finally thrown off before getting entirely on.

The most common thing was for a man to jump on, think he was all right, but before he was fully satisfied he would find his mule pricking up its ears, getting under pretty lively motion, and the next thing he would know he would find himself suddenly going over the mule's head. The mule would run a short distance, and balk or jump stiff-legged suddenly, and come to a dead halt. The man always went off over the mule's head. Some of the mules would rear, some kick. Most of them would give a kind of squeal as they started. They ran in any and every direction, ran into each other, and such a general mix-up no man ever saw before or since. It was so light that we could see distinctly. Talk about sport at a circus, at seeing one or even two trick mules perform! Here were several hundred, all performing at once. It was a circus complete.

The men were plucky though, and if thrown once and not injured, tried it again. They labored under still greater disadvantages, because they were loaded down with their guns and accoutrements. All the mules that had been ridden before were quiet and orderly, and after a time the men were victorious. Their officers were hurrying them up, and they finally started off, but it was a motley cavalcade. Had John Morgan known of it and dispatched a company or two of cavalry after them, and they got near enough to have caused a stampede, it would have been a dangerous command to handle. They would have been just as apt to charge into the enemy's lines as anywhere.

The affair lasted half or three-quarters of an hour, and we went back to our quarters rather expecting that we might not see our mules again. They returned some time the next day, though, but John Morgan was not brought in as a prisoner, nor any of his command. He probably never knew the danger he was in. For all that, it was an attempt to do something, and some things were learned, even if no great result followed.

Our brigade was afterwards mounted, armed with the Spencer repeating rifle, and did effective work, but this was their first experience mounted. Their commander has been engaged, since the close of the war, developing the mineral resources of the country in the vicinity of Chattanooga, Tenn., but both he and his surviving men will remember as long as they live their first mount by moonlight in Kentucky.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

She Said "Did You Ever?"

One of the Seventh avenue cars stopped at Twenty-first street the other day to let a sharp-featured, snappy-eyed woman get aboard. When the conductor came forward to collect her fare she gave him a fifty-cent piece. After giving her change he had turned to go to the platform when she stopped him by saying:

"Oh, conductor, you have not given me the right change."

The conductor said politely: "I think you must be mistaken, lady. I gave you four ten cent pieces and a nickel."

"But you didn't," contradicted the sharp-featured woman; "you gave me only four ten cent pieces."

"The conducter counted his change and said:

"You certainly must be mistaken, for the change in my pocket is all right."

"Did you ever?" remarked the now thoroughly-excited woman, appealing to a fat man opposite. The stout man did not signify whether he ever did or not, and she began upon the conductor again.

"I never make a mistake," said she. "When I know a thing I know it."

"But I certainly gave you the right change."

She turned to the lady in the corner and asked, "Did you ever?" The lady was non-committal, which forced the sharp-featured woman to appeal to an old man who was reading a newspaper. Whether he ever did or not was, however, left shrouded in gloom. The conductor counted over his change again. Then an idea occurred to him.

"Won't you get up, lady, and see whether that nickel is not in your clothing somewhere?" he asked.

She fairly gasped for breath as she remarked, "Did you ever?" to the whole car.

Then the conductor gave up the fight and drew forth a five-cent piece from his pocket, which she placed in her purse. As the car approached Thirty-fourth street she signaled the conductor that she wanted to get off. Six very much interested passengers watched her rise to leave the car and there was a general sigh of satisfaction and an air of I-told-you-so on every one's face when the missing nickel dropped from a fold in her dress and rolled on the floor. The conductor called her attention to it but the only satisfaction he got for it was the remark she made as she looked at the coin on the floor: "You ought to know enough to make the right change and not make so much fuss about it." —*N. Y. Sun.*

Freaks of Photography.

Most people are aware of the fact that with few exceptions the faces of their friends are unlike when viewed from opposite sides, but it is not generally known what causes this, in some cases, remarkable difference. Napoleon Sarony, the well-known photographer, has made human faces the study of his life, first by painting portraits and, later in his career, by posing his subjects before the camera. No one has ever doubted the excellence of his work, and the reason for his great success undoubtedly arises from his observance of his patron's features and quickly determining which is the best side.

Frequently, he says, these facial differences are caused by accidents received in youth while playing rough games, but the principal cause of the variation in the outline of the nose is due to carelessness of mothers in allowing their babies to lie and suck their thumbs, for then the forefinger is pressed against the delicate cartilage of the nose and slowly but surely is making an indention thereon. Mr. Sarony proves his theory by the statements of many mothers who have remembered the childish trait in their boys and girls, and those who have evenly formed features, or faces which appeared exactly the same on each side, were those who scorned the comfort which is derived by putting the thumb in the mouth while sleeping.

The poet Longfellow is cited as having a much better profile viewed from the right side than from the left, and General Hancock was another noted man who was always photographed in one position, his best side looking quite unlike the other. In fact, there was such a difference that two photographs, one of each side of his face, would hardly be recognized as the same person.

Sagacity of the Coyote.

Residents in the vicinity of the Philadelphia Brewery have been robbed of above five hundred chickens in the past few weeks, and until recently were unable to ascertain the identity of the thieves. A watch was set, and it was discovered that they were coyotes. The full-grown animals could not get into the chicken-houses, but detailed their cubs to crawl in through the holes left for chickens to enter. Once inside the cubs killed the chickens and pushed them through the holes to the full-grown coyotes waiting on the outside, who bore them away to their rendezvous in the adjacent hills and ravines in that vicinity, which are swarming with animals, and at night the air is vocal with their howls, the treble cries of the cubs forming a strange accompaniment to the deep bass of the elder contingent.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

Killing Quail in California.

At San Diego, Cal., last season one market gunner killed 12,000 quail, to accomplish which he fired 18,000 times. This is a large number to fall to one gun, and rather puts to shame the boasted records of eastern gunners, whose occasional total of 300 or 400 birds during the open season never fails to be recorded by the rural newspaper. The California record is not noted as an exceptional one.

The Telephone in America.

The are more than 170,000 miles of telephone wire in operation in the United States, over which 1,055,000 messages are sent daily. About 300,000 telephones are in use in this country.

Big Injun Licks a Veteran.

While we were lying at Fort Laramie in 1865, a Kiowa Indian from Kansas came on to act as a Government scout. He could speak English first rate, and having lived among the whites for many years he had picked up a good many pointers. We soon learned among other things that he could "put up his dukes" in first-rate style. In fact, when put against our best man, "Joe," as the Indian was named, knocked him out in the seventh round. We put him on to a few extra dodges, and then waited for the fruit to ripen.

Troops were pouring in for the Indian war, and most of them were old vets from the Army of the Potomac. Most of these were in a great hurry to knock over an Indian, either with fist or bullet, and the half-dozen redskins about the fort had to hustle to save their bacon. One day when the sign was right, we togged Joe out in true Indian style, gave him his cue as to how he should act, and sent him down among some Pennsylvania troops. They spotted him for a scalp-raiser at once, and were hustling him around, when we appeared and demanded fair play. The leader of the hustlers was a big corporal of fistic fame, and the minute it was proposed to get up a mill between him and the Indian he jumped clear off the ground and yelled:

"Whoopee! That hits me! I've been laying for an Injun. I'll give you my head if he stands through the first round!"

Arrangements were soon made. We went out where the wagons were parked, and cleared a space, and the principals were soon ready. Joe was as calm as a May morning, having little to say, while the corporal was all "gab" and excitement, and calling out:

"Watch him, boys, and don't let him run!"

We had six-ounce boxing gloves, and it was to be Queensbury rules. When Joe was ready, every one but the corporal could see that he had "been there;" the latter was in such a hurry "to punch an Injun" that he overlooked particulars. He weighed at least thirty pounds the most, and there was a grin of delight on his face as the call came. He went in to secure a knock-out blow, but several surprises awaited him. He could no more hit that Indian than a boy could lasso a weasel; and when the first round closed his grin had given place to a look of astonishment.

When round second opened we gave Joe the wink. He made a dodge or two, feinted, swung his right with a smash, and the corporal uttered a yell and went to the earth to snore like a horse for five minutes before he came to. It was as clean a knock-out as any one ever saw, and he was man enough to realize it. When he could keep his feet, he reached out his hand to Joe and said:

"Don't set me down for a fool. I am simply fresh—too fresh. This has salted me, however, and if you'll come around to the tent, I'll divide half and half with you, and then give you a revolver which I captured in Virginia to learn how to get that swing with the right.—*N. Y. Sun.*"

Do the Dying Suffer Pain?

The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. A natural death is not more painful than birth. Painlessly we come; whence we know not. Painlessly we go; where we know not. Nature kindly provides an æsthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment, and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspirations, and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated. At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble, and often irregular pulse. As this process goes on the blood is not only driven to the head in diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anæsthetic, the same as derived from charcoal. Subjected to the influence of this gas the nerve centers lose consciousness and sensibility, apparent sleep creeps over the system; then comes stupor and then the end.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Old Chairs.

Two chairs that have been handed down four generations go to help out on the furniture used in the late Abram Sampson's house in Coleman, Mich. The oldest one was bought in Boston, Mass., in 1749, and has now reached the ripe old age of 140 years. They also have a flour barrel in the house that was bought in New York in 1839, has been in twelve different states, and is good for twelve more.

Noah Armstrong, owner of the great race-horse Spokane, reports that his famous steed cleared last season about $28.000.

It is expected that the Manchester (England) ship canal will be completed before the time stipulated, the end of 1891. Work goes on night and day, 12,000 men and ninety-six steam navies being employed.

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MONON ROUTE.

LEAVE INDIANAPOLIS.

2—Chicago Express, daily, except Sunday.......7:30 a m
Arrive in Chicago 2:30 p m
32—Chicago Limited, with Pullman Vestibuled coaches, parlor and dining-car, daily.......11:10 a m
Arrive in Chicago 5:00 p m
34—Chicago Night Express, with Pullman Vestibuled coaches and sleepers, daily 1:15 a m
Arrive in Chicago 7:35 a m
18—Monon accommodation, daily...6:00 p m

LEAVE CHICAGO

1—Indianapolis Express, daily, except Saturday.......11:55 p m
Arrive in Indianapolis 8:30 a m
31—Indianapolis & Cincinnati Limited parlor and dining-car, daily.......9:55 a m
Arrive in Indianapolis 3:55 p m
33—Indianapolis & Cincinnati Vestibuled Night Express, daily.......9:30 p m
Arrive in Indianapolis 3:55 a m

Pullman Vestibuled Sleeper for Chicago stands west end of Union station, and can be taken 8:30 p m daily. The only line running Pullman Perfected Safety Vestibule Trains between Indianapolis and Chicago, headed by steam and illuminated with electric light.
Ticket offices, No. 26 S. Illinois street, Massachusetts Avenue, and Union Station.

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—AT—
Virginia Avenue
SKATING RINK,
Every Friday Afternoon and Evening.
For the colored people only.
Afternoon prices. Gents, 15c; Ladies, 10c; Night prices, 15c; Skates or surface, 10c!
There will be good music, fine skates, and the floor put in excellent condition.

This is one of the most healthful and enjoying amusements in the city, also the cheapest, and where every one can Have a good time. We have given this night to the colored people, and it should be well attended. Everyone should come.

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One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Jan. 1, 1890. TIME CARD. Central Time.

*Daily. NORTH. †Ex. Sunday.

Indianapolis..Lv	† 7 00am	†11 10am	* 3 05 p m
Muncie........ "	* 9 05 "	1 15pm	5 19 "
Hartford......ar	9 45 "	1 57 "	5 59 "
Montpelier.... "	10 03 "	2 15 "	6 08 "
Bluffton...... "	10 38 "	2 48 "	6 38 "
Fort Wayne.... "	11 35 "	2 45 "	7 49 "

SOUTH.

Fort Wayne..Lv	* 6 00am	†10 25am	* 6 05p m
Bluffton......ar	6 58 "	11 21 "	7 07 "
Montpelier.... "	7 33 "	11 53 "	7 40 "
Hartford...... "	7 48 "	12 10pm	7 58 "
Muncie........ "	8 20 "	12 50 "	8 40 "
Indianapolis... "	10 30 "	3 50 "	10 50 "

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Local Time TABLE.
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Solid Trains Between SANDUSKY and PEORIA —AND— Indianapolis, and Michigan City.
DIRECT connections to and from all points in the United States and Canada.
Trains arrive and depart from Indianapolis Union Station as follows:
DEPART—No. 10 passenger, 7:15 a. m.; No. 12 passenger, *1:20 p. m.; No. 14 passenger, 7:00 p. m.; No. 16 express, †11:10 p. m.
Trains not marked run daily except Sunday.
ARRIVE—No. 9 passenger, *10:30 a. m.; No. 11 passenger, *2:50 p. m.; No. 13 passenger, 6:20 p. m.; No. 17 express, †3:10 a. m.
*Daily. †Daily except Saturday.
No. 12, via Tipton, arrive Bloomington at 9:32 p. m., making direct connection with C. & A. fast train arriving at Kansas City 8:30 next morning, connecting direct at Kansas City for Denver, San Francisco and all points West. Free reclining chair cars between Tipton and Missouri river for all passengers.
Nos. 9, 10, 12 and 13 connect at Tipton with main line trains for Sandusky, Bloomington and all points East and West.
Trains 16 and 17 have elegant reclining chair cars free to all passengers, and make direct connection at Peru with the Wabash fast trains for Ft. Wayne, Toledo, Chicago, Detroit and New York.
For further information in regard to rates, routes, etc., call on A. H. Sellars, City Passenger Agent, 46 S. Illinois St., or address,
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Look in local column for special notices of excursions, reduced rates, etc.
H. M. BRONSON,
Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

L. A. Simpson was in Franklin this week.

Rev. J. W. Carr is in St. Louis.

Timothy Tyler has resumed business after a painful illness.

Mr. Henry Rogan returned from Chicago last Saturday.

George F. Jones is arranging for the erection of a residence.

Mrs. Cyrus Allen, of 272 West Second street, is seriously indisposed.

The Mt. Zion Baptist Church concert Friday evening was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rogers have both been sick, but are now able to be out.

Rev. J. N. Chichon lectured at Mt. Zion Baptist Church, last Thursday evening.

Col. Henry Walker, of Terre Haute, passed through the city last Saturday enroute to Muncie.

Mr. J. K. Lytle, of Terre Haute, agent for the Gaskell Literary Club of this State is sojourning in the city.

The social given at the residence of Mrs. Willie Collins last Wednesday was a success in every particular.

Benj. T. Thornton, the indefatagable, is putting up a neat cottage on Brett street for the Carson family.

W. H. Buckner, who has been traveling in the interest of the Emancipation Monument, will probably locate here.

Miss Essie Johnston celebrated her thirteenth birthday last Sunday. She was the recipient of many valuable presents.

Chas. Slaughter, well-known in this city, was shot and killed by a disreputable woman in Henderson, Ky., several weeks ago.

The Central Literary Society opened its spring season last Wednesday evening at the Second Baptist Church. R. W. Thompson, president.

Bethel Church, under the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Clay, is doing nicely. It will be put in first-class condition by Easter and the attendance is very large.

Mrs. Nathaniel Pierce has recently returned from a pleasant visit to her daughter, Mrs. McAfee in Columbus, O.

The young married ladies are organizing a club for social purposes. Mesdames Thornton, Cooper Thompson and others are active movers in the affair.

Messrs. Heston & Duncan have purchased the saloon formerly run by Richard Wells on Indiana avenue. This makes three saloons owned and controlled by this enterprising firm.

Mrs. M. C. Turner, the colored milliner, has just put in a new stock of spring millinery. Give her a call at 67 Indiana avenue.

Henry Sweetland should have a plact in the fire department. It is thoughby some, he would make a much beteter fireman than councilman.

Mr. H. K. Lawson has reopened his shop at 42 Indiana avenue, and it is a thing of beauty. It has a new front and a new interior, and "Ky" is as gay as Baron Munchausen.

The young ladies gave a very pleasant entertainment at the residence of Miss Roxie Higgs last Thursday evening. Dancing and games were indulged in to the satisfaction of all.

The young married ladies have organized a club, of which Mrs. Essie Thornton is president, for the purpose of giving a reception to the young men of the Terpsichorean Club.

The success of the Metropolitan Club is phenomenal. The representative men of the city hail it as a long felt necessity, and are rallying heartily to its support. The concert under its auspices on the 16th of April will be a notable affair if push, energy and talent can make it so. The grand chorus of twenty-five voices is actively rehearsing, and will be a star feature of the occasion.

The congregation of Jones' Tabernacle are making extensive improvements upon their church. It will be greatly enlarged and re-shaped. They intend to make it the largest and finest Afro-American house of worship in the city.

Boston chip, peanout candy, roasted cocoanut, perfection carmels and all high grade candies at the Chicago Candy Kitchen, 94 North Illinois St.

The Cincinnatti Dye Works, south east corner Circle and Market streets, is prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, dyeing and repairing. Gents work a specialty. H. Schoen, prop.

Our patrons will find at Tucker's, 10 East Washington street, bargains just now, in hosiery, 40 and 50 cents are selling at 25c. 1200 pairs of kid gloves at 65c, men's hem-stitched colossel bordered handkerchiefs, 3 for 25c.

READ AND REFLECT.

The best authorities pronounce life insurance one of the most paying investments that can be made if such is made in a good company. The mutual Life and Endownment Association of Indiana, is certainly one of the best in the country, and its work speaks for itself. It is old and reliable, makes no difference on account of race or color, and pays its claims within 24 hours after proof of death is established. The following are the names of a few who have received benefits from the company, showing what was paid to them and what they paid to it: Julia Johnson, 259 South Mississippi street, amount paid, $55, $1.20 paid as premium. Chas. Mays, 80 West Eighth street; amount paid $8.50, 5 cents paid to company. Sallie Smith, corner Tennessee and 19th streets; amount paid, $13.00, 30 cents paid to company. Thos. F. Long, 451 Fletcher aavenue; am't. paid, $23.25, 75 cents paid to coompany. We advise our people to insure.

Vote for Charley Briggs. He is the the only colored man on the ticket.

Budd Swift, our present city clerk, is overhalling the books in that office in a way, that makes the "sinners repent." He has found among them things which will not be easy for his predecessor to "explain off."

The late holocaust in this city demonstrates the necessity of taking the municipal government out of politics. It is high time that the best citizens, regardless of party affilliations, should vote for the best men. We need honest cleanhanded men, in all of the local and township offices, and the way to get them is by the use of the ballot.

The colored man should exercise his full rights as an American citizen and should use the elective franchise intelligently. It is not acting the part of wisdom, nor that of good citizens to vote on dead issues. Vote for the best man.

We understand that "Judge" Franklin and Levi are at outs. Levi is a little villian, and it is only a question of time, until all honest men will fall out with him. Especially is this true, if they have dealings with him.

We were not able to secure the cut of Squire Walpool, for this issue of The Freeman. The Squire, however, is one of our best justices, and needs no praise at our hands. His ruling have always been open and above board, and his decisions just. Vote for Squire Walpool, the blind justice.

Wherever the names of Stanley and Livingstone are known, the name of Wissman will be coupled with them as one of the most daring and humanitarian of African explorers, says the ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN. It then goes on to relate the result of the hazardous task, assigned to him by the German goverment, of restoring order in Eastern Africa and of opening that territory. His efforts to put down the slave trade, the ability he showed in his campaigns against the Arabs, the hardships heroically endured by the expedition through the thousands of miles of trackless tropical forests, are graphically told by one of the staff, Lieut. Albrecht, whose talented father, the well-known artist of Berlin, illustrates the vicissitudes of the expedition in a number of pictures that tell the story even better and more forcibly than the words of his gallant son.

THE SPARTANBURG S. C. LETTER.

Spartanburg is the fourth city in the state. The county seat of Spartanburg county, is on the Atlanta and Richmond Air Line R. R. Four other roads also center here.

Our city is beautifully situated in a high and rolling country at the foot of the mountains, and is a favorite summer resort. The population is about six thousand, one half being colored people. The religious element is largely represented here. We have in our city six colored churches, three Methodists, two Baptists, and one Presbyterian. The Silver Hill M. E. Church is a very fine brick structuie and is one of the finest colored churches in the city, the pastor is Rev. C. C. Scott, (one of the corresponding editors of the "Plain Speaker,") its membership is about four hundred and fifty.

The Freeman will be found for sale, at C. C. Bomar's store on Church street. W. L. Cash, Agent.

The Freeman is a national colored newspaper and every colored person in this city should subscribe for it, yes take The Freeman for one year anyway, and learn what great part of the drama the colored people are playiug and you will be the better because of it.

Our friend, Dr. Jones, of McCroy, Ark., is an unmarried man and he ought to bring a suit for damages for that "cut" of his in the last issue of The Freeman. The chances are ten to one that he will die a bachelor. It is all up with him now.

The above excerpt is taken from a patent back, obscure sheet published somewhere in Tennessee, and known by the rather euphonious title of Free Speech and Headlight. Its editor is of the tender sex, unmarried and of course judges from "appearances." The Doctor is a solid citizen, and we trust he will pay the fair editress a visit.

G. H. M., Peoria, Ills.—There is a great deal of discussion as to which is the lighter, the quadroon, or octaroon. The quadroon is considered as being the brighter than the octaroon. This is a question however, which only ethnologists can settle. The dictionary gives about the same deffiinition for quadroon, octaroon and mulatto.

N. B. we shall be glad to receive answers to any of the above questions. Any person who can give information in regards to them will please do so.

In spite of the rigid censorship of the cable dispatches from Brazil, it is evident that things there are not as so industriously represented by the friends of the goverment. The ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN is the only journal which has had the enterprise to send a representative to Brazil with instructions to stay there and await results. Other newspaper correspondents sent from New York returned as soon as a temporary calm came over the political situation; but Byron P. Stephenson, the special staff correspondent of the ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, an accomplished journalist, and a widely-traveled man of the world, followed his instructions, and his letters are flooding this country with a wealth of information about the new republic and its political condition which would be otherwise unknown. In the current number of March 22d he gives a very interesting story of his interviens with the president, members of the cabinet, and others, and makes it emphatic that the struggles of this country for a substantial constitutional goverment are yet to come.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, SMOKE THE

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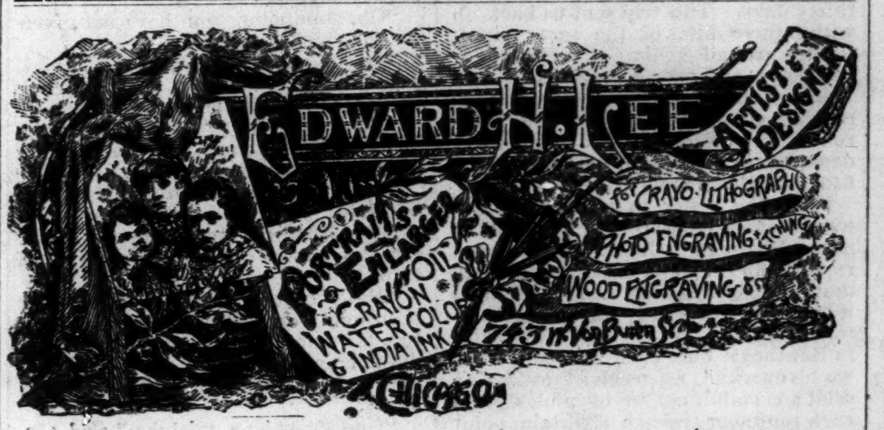
62 NORTH ILLS. ST.,

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER PAPER,

Oil Cloths and Window Shades.



$6.00, $8.00, $10.00, $12.00

WILL SECURE YOU A BEAUTIFUL

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT.

Finest work guaranteed. Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

Edward H. Lee, 323 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Rooms, 14 and 15. Agents wanted.

MRS. M. M. SPENCER

Has removed her Dress-Making Establishment to No. 40 NORTH ILLINOIS STREET, where, in connection with Dress-Making, she has opened a full assortment of FINE MILLINERY,

HATS AND BONNETS FROM $1 up to $10.

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

NEW VARIETY STORE

JUST OPENED AT 70 INDIANA AVENUE? We handle a fine line of CHINA GLASSWARE, TINWARE, DRY GOODS, FANCY NOTIONS, SILVERWARE, BRICA BRAC, PICTURES, etc., etc.

Our experience in the Wholesale Business for the past twenty years enables us to buy goods at bed-rock prices, consequently we can sell to our patrons cheaper than any other house in this city. Call and see for yourself.

WM. TREITSCHKE, 70 Indiana Avenue.

Nicoll THE TAILOR 1890! 1890! Nicoll THE TAILOR

SPRING STYLES.

Suits to Order, $20 to $50.

Overcoats to Order, $18 to $20.

We have commenced the spring season of 1890 with the largest and best stock of goods that we ever had. They have been purchased in all parts of America and Europe, and are adopted for all classes of people. The sedate Deacon can find a becoming suit among our shades of Meltons, Kerseys, Vicanas, Chevoits and Serges, and the fiddy, naughty dude will feel just too awfully surprised, you know, when he has those pretty Suitings, just too sweet for anything! Besides, we have suits for brainy men, and men of brains like "Uncle Sam." Our customs are from all classes and all nationalities, and we suit them in fabric and price.

PRICES MODERATE. Nicoll THE TAILOR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

33 & 35 S. Illinois St.,

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Samples, Fashion Plates, and Rules for Self-Measure sent by mail.

ZIMMER BROTHERS,

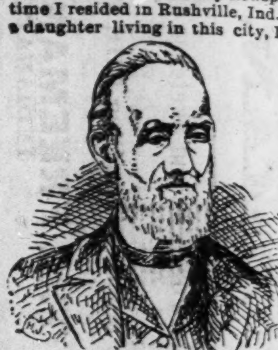
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, OIL CLOTHS, etc.

191 EAST WASHINGTON STREET.

FOOD DIDN'T TASTE RIGH[T]

But Now Everything Seems New an[d] Life is Again Enjoyable.

"I was influenced to try Gun Wa's Chin[ese] Herb and Vegetable Remedies by reading h[is] testimonials in the daily newspapers. At th[e] time I resided in Rushville, Ind., and as I ha[d] a daughter living in this city, I concluded t[o]



come u[p] here and s[ee] what coul[d] be done fo[r] me," was th[e] remarks [of] Mr. W. [H.] Fisk, of N[o.] 259 Eas[t] New Yor[k] street.

"When [I] went to Gu[n] Wa's parlors to [see] him I foun[d] that I woul[d] have t[o] await m[y] turn, fo[r] there were a number of persons ahead of m[e] and I had to wait some time. Unlike Job, [I] did not have as much patience, and was on th[e] point of leaving several times, but soon m[y] turn came and I was called to enter, which [I] did, with little hope, for I had been sick s[o] long and had taken so much medicine that [I] had almost given up the hope of ever gettin[g] well again. I stated my case, which was abou[t] this: My general health was all run down, my system was all out of order, I had n[o] appetite, could eat nothing, and what I di[d] force myself to eat did not have any mo[re] taste than so many dry chips. I could n[ot] walk over a square without being complete[ly] done up. I would be so exhausted that [I] would have to stop and rest, and sometime[s] would be as long as twenty minutes before [I] could navigate steadily again. I began t[o] take the remedies as directed, and in less tha[n] two weeks I was able to go to work and ke[ep] at it all day—a thing I had not done for ov[er] six months. I have been taking these reme[dies] two months now, and I feel as well a[s] anyone, and to-day I feel more like a youn[g] man of 30 than an old man past 71.

"I am now employed at the Indianapol[is] Bicycle Company's factory on North Te[n]nessee street, where I put in my full time. [I] am an old resident of Rush County, and hav[e] lots of friends there. I am a carriage paint[er] by trade, and am over 71 years old. I hav[e] worked at the trade since a boy. Few, if an[y] painters live to my age, and I know of on[ly] one—that was Mr. Ward, of Cincinnati,—wh[o] came near that age, and he died six mon[ths] before he reached it. I do and will recomm[end] Gun Wa's remedies to anyone, for I kno[w] what they have done for me, and that is: Giv[en] me health and strength in my old age."

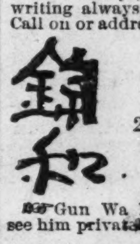
Those who kindly send Gun Wa their testimoni[als] of cure will confer a favor by enclosing their pic[ture], as without that their testimonial is useless for advertising purposes.

Gun Wa is a Chinese physician, who can not, under the American laws, practice medicine, so he sells prepared Chinese vegetable remedies for various diseases. He has been in Indianapolis several months, during which time he has effected so many remarkable cures that his name will soon be a household word in Indiana.

His suite of parlors are in the second story of 25 West Washington street. Every patient will see Gun Wa privately. No charge for consultation, examination or advice.

A friendly chat with Gun Wa costs nothing. If you can not call on him, send for his circular on cancer, tape worm, rheumatism, piles, female weakness, catarrh, or his book (for men only) on nervous and private diseases. Those suffering from evil effects of follie or excess should call or write. Cure guaranteed.

Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M. In writing always inclose four cents in stamps. Call on or address.



GUN WA,

25 W. Washington Street,

Indianapolis, Ind.

Gun Wa has several parlors. You will see him privately.

The Capitol National Ban[k]

—OF INDIANAPOLIS,—

Capital, - - - - $300,000.

Transacts a General Banking Busines[s] and Solicits your Account.

DIRECTORS:

Medford B. Wilson, President; John S. Spann, of Spann & Co., Real Estate Insurence, etc.; S. P. Sheerin, of Sheerin, Doherty & Co., Investment Brokers; M. O'Conner of O'Conner & Co., Wholesale groceres; J. A. Lemcke, State Treasurer; Edward Hawkins, Manager India[na] School Book Co.; Wm. D. Ewing, Cashire; N. F. Dalton of N. F. Dalton & Co., Lumber Dealers; Jos. Collett, Capitalist, Vice-President; N. S. Byram, Capitalist, late of Byram, Cornelius & Co.; Wholesale Dry Goods; Noble C. Butler, Clerk U. S. Court; P. H. Blue, general manager I. & L. S. R. R. Co.

DOC. ZAPF.

WASHINGTON - - SALOON

—AND—

BOWLING - - HALL,

80 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

P. SINDLINGER,

—Wholesale and Retail—

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS.

Hams, Bocon Shoulders, Dried Beef and all kinds of Sausages a Specialty.

TELEPHONE, 360. 207 W. MICH. ST.

Our Afro-American Jockeys and the Princely Salaries they Receive.

The following well-known colored jockeys have made engagements to ride the ensuing year for the following parties:

Isaac Murphy has no special engagement but will recieve a large retaining fee from two or three well-known Turfmen. Andrew Hamilton, engaged to A. Belmont at a salary of $8.000. Shelby Barnes engaged to Lucky Baldwin at $6.000. Isaac Lewis with W. L. Scott at $5.000. Spider Anderson with Davis & Hall at a salary of $4,000. John Stoval with W. R. Tompkins at $4,000. Harry Ray goes with D. Waldo at a salary of $5,000. Dow Allen rides for Ed. Brown at a salary of $3,500. Erskine Henderson will be with Wm. Walker. Salary $3,500. Geo. Jones with N. Y. Stable. Salary $3,500. Hallis with Scoggan Bros. of this city at $3,000. Overton rides for W. O. Scully. Salary $3,000. Fox goes with Tucker & Cherry. Salary $3,000. Warwick rides for G. B. Morris at a salary of $2,500. Breckenridge with F. B. Harper at $2,000. Stevenson rides for the Beverwyck stable for $3,500.